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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Notre Dame; a Tale of the "Ancien Régime." From the French of Victor Hugo. With a Prefatory Notice, Literary and Political, of his Romances. By the Translator of "Thierry's History of the Conquest of England by the Normans," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. E. Wilson.

There is something so essentially different in French and English taste, that we doubt the success of any attempt to reconcile them; and, for ourselves, we are free to confess that we think it no loss. It is the fashion of *l'école romantique* to set up Shakespeare as their idol, honouring his merits as Christianity is honoured by the beating bestowed on the poor Neapolitan saint, Januarius, when the lava-flood stops not for the prayers of the crowd, or by the tinsel embroideries lavished on the Virgin. We have heard that imitation is the most delicate of flattery, but we never heard that caricature was so considered: now, we appeal to any examiners of the modern French school, in what spirit these *soi-disant* copies of Shakespeare are made? We ought to feel it as a national degradation, when the immortal name of our noble poet is taken in vain, as the original whence emanates the profane and disgusting, which mark a literature in a state of decomposition:

"The shining there, like light on graves,
Has cold, rank hearts beneath it."

Is it from Shakespeare they draw that frivolous and conceited impiety which makes atheism rather ludicrous than terrible—saying that an English ear, accustomed to the deficiencies of language, is shocked into gravity by the daring blasphemy of oath and simile which outrage every old respect and every solemn belief? Is it from Shakespeare that they colour their revolting and mocking licentiousness? We grant that the coarse manners of his time often led to the coarse expression, but never to the coarse sentiment. The deep emotions of the heart, in his hands at once asserted their higher nature; the true and the beautiful alone through him; the tender, the delicate, the devoted—these were the attributes with which he invested love. On every nobler subject his genius was true to itself; it flung the dust of its own time from its feet—felt that heaven was its home, and soared thitherward. The imagination of Shakespeare was a spirit whose steps might wander over this lower world, and leave some traces of their progress, but which every touch of feeling or of thought caused to rise into a purer and brighter atmosphere. The imagination of *l'école romantique* rather resembles those monstrous conceptions of the ancient fairy legend, where the head of a female was united with the body of a serpent; the face might wear a strange, wild beauty, which the more contrasted the slime and venom of the loathsome extremity that trailed upon the ground—its home was of "earth, and earthy." We must for once entreat our readers to take our censure for granted; we dare not soil our pages by extracts whose coarseness and impiety

are fitting companions. But before we proceed to make further remark on *Notre Dame*, we must express our wonder at, and contempt for, the translator. He can plead no national taste in extenuation of this second-hand depravity; no blindness of custom, no hurry of composition, to gloss over the offence no cooler or clearer judgment can excuse. He knows the English circle for which such a work is destined; he insults it by the introduction of the one now before us. Who are our great mass of novel-readers? the young and the feminine—the page for relaxation read around the work-table, or the favourite resort of the unoccupied hour. Are these volumes fit for the youthful eye, or for a girlish ear? We know no advantage to be gained from this disgusting anatomy of all that degrades humanity. It is the especial province of fiction to refine and to elevate; and if the severe and revolting truth need minute investigation, for the purpose of amendment, there are the police reports and the Newgate Calendar. But we must say of all the modern French fictions, that

"The trail of the serpent is over them all."

Much might have been done with *Notre Dame*, by cautious omission and judicious softening; but the present translation is a revolting affront to our moral feeling and to our literary taste—and a true sign of a mind "infinitely small," which can only understand a fame raised

"On the piled ruins of another's name."

An overstrained eulogium on the French imitator is wound up by the following attack on the English original, Sir Walter Scott:—

"We are sorry that the total absence of any thing like an expression of philanthropic sentiment in any one of the numerous works of this writer, coupled with his well-known conduct whenever the great concerns of his kind were in question, compels us to regard the service rendered by him to the great cause of human improvement as absolutely *unintentional*. But the fact remains the same—that his writings have rendered great service to it; although, had their author been a philanthropist in heart, he would have made them render services vastly greater. Though possessing only the power of *describing* characters, and wanting the grand faculty of the true poet, that of tracing their formation (the possession or acquisition of which in the highest perfection, would indeed, as it were, make any man a philanthropist in spite of himself), yet, with such close fidelity are many of these descriptions given, that they operate upon us like so many faithful and vivid pictures, and often we trace the formation for ourselves;—and sure we are, that many a reader, by the perusal of his volumes, has felt that feeling awakened or confirmed within him, which seems never once to have entered the breast of the author—that man, in all circumstances, is worthy the sympathy of man. Then, as regards the extension of our sympathies into past ages, the difference between Sir Walter's own view of the matter

and that taken by some of his readers, is remarkable in another respect. The author could see nothing in the records of gone-by manners, but an inexhaustible storehouse of incident and costume. The grand study of the progress of human society and manners was to him a book shut, clasped, and sealed. Witness his fury when any one affirmed in his ear that they not only *had* progressed, but *were progressing*, and *ought* to progress!"

We need not pursue the trash about his "laccuey-like spirit," &c.; but shall only ask, what is the meaning of this cant about philanthropy? We hold benevolence to consist in the near approximation of those ties which bind man more closely to his kind, in strong lights thrown upon the good, in general appreciation of universal beauty—in a fine ear to the harmonies of the universe—in kindness of feeling, and much charity. Now, if all these are not to be found in Sir Walter Scott's writings, where are they to be discovered? But of all the nonsense that was ever tattled, none can equal the rubbish about his being the upholder of ancient tyranny: by him feudal abuses, and the evil influences of the monarch's individual character, have all been painted in shades equally true and forcible. But the sting of the gnat is lost upon marble; a defence of the noble monument appeared by the genius of Scott is indeed a work of supererogation.

No one can deny the talent displayed in *Notre Dame*: the rich and poetic tone of the description, the graphic reality of the more active scenes, and the actual presence given by the imagination to the cathedral—its sculpture is a living thing in Hugo's hands, and the dim purple of the lofty aisles becomes instinct with spiritual existence. The character of Louis IX. is faintly caught from that in *Quentin Durward*; but *La Esmeralda* is herself a creation of the bright and lyrical spirit of poetry; and Quasimodo a vivid and original being, whose humble and devoted affection is exquisitely conceived. Of the graphic reality which M. Victor Hugo can give to his scenes, the following is a specimen:—

"After ascending and descending several flights of steps, as they proceeded through passages so gloomy that they were lighted with lamps at mid-day, *La Esmeralda*, still surrounded by her lugubrious attendants, was pushed forward by the sergeants of the Palais into a dismal chamber. This chamber, of a circular form, occupied the ground floor of one of those large towers which still in our day appear through the layer of recent edifices with which modern Paris has covered the ancient one. There were no windows to this vault; no other opening than the low overhanging entrance of an enormous iron door. Still, it did not want for light; a furnace was contrived in the thickness of the wall; a large fire was lighted in it, which filled the vault with its crimson reflection, and stripped of every ray a miserable candle placed in a corner. The sort of portcullis which was used to enclose the furnace, being raised at

the moment, only gave to view at the mouth of the flaming edifice, which glared upon the dark wall, the lower extremity of its bars, like a row of black sharp teeth, set at regular distances, which gave the furnace the appearance of one of those dragons' mouths which vomit forth flames in ancient legends. By the light which issued from it, the prisoner saw all around the chamber frightful instruments, of which she did not understand the use. In the middle lay a mattress of leather almost touching the ground, over which hung a leathern strap with a buckle, attached to a copper ring held in the teeth of a flat-nosed monster carved in the keystone of the vault. Pincers, nippers, large ploughshares, were heaped inside the furnace, and were heating red-hot, promiscuously upon the burning coals. The sanguine glow of the furnace only served to light up throughout the chamber an assemblage of horrible things. This Tartarus was called simply *la chambre de la question*. Upon the bed was seated unconcerned Pierrat Torterue, the sworn torturer. His assistants—two square-faced gnomes, with leather aprons and tarpaulin coats—were turning about the irons on the coals. In vain had the poor girl called up all her courage: on entering this room she was seized with horror. The sergeants of the bailiff of the Palais were ranged on one side; the priests of the officiality on the other. A registrar, a table, and writing materials, were in one corner. Maître Jacques Charmolue approached the gipsy girl with a very soft smile. 'My dear child,' said he, 'you persist, then, in denying every thing?' 'Yes,' answered she, in a dying voice. 'In that case,' resumed Charmolue, 'it will be our painful duty to question you more urgently than we should otherwise wish. Have the goodness to sit down on that bed. Maître Pierrat, make room for mademoiselle, and shut the door.' Pierrat rose with a growl. 'If I shut the door,' muttered he, 'my fire will go out.' 'Well, then, my good fellow,' replied Charmolue, 'leave it open.' Meanwhile La Esmeralda remained standing. That bed of leather, upon which so many poor wretches had writhed, scared her. Terror froze her very marrow: there she stood, bewildered and stupified. At a sign from Charmolue, the two assistants took her and seated her on the bed. They did not hurt her; but when those men touched her—when that leather touched her—she felt all her blood flow back to her heart. She cast a wandering look around the room. She fancied she saw moving and walking from all sides towards her, to crawl upon her body to pinch and bite her, all those monstrous implements of torture, which were, to the instruments of all kinds that she had hitherto seen, what bats, centipedes, and spiders, are to birds and insects. 'Where is the physician?' asked Charmolue. 'Here,' answered a black gown that she had not observed before. She shuddered. 'Mademoiselle,' resumed the fawning voice of the attorney of the ecclesiastical court, 'for the third time, do you persist in denying the facts of which you are accused?' This time she could only bend her head in token of assent—her voice failed her. 'You persist, then?' said Jacques Charmolue. 'Then I'm extremely sorry, but I must fulfil the duty of my office.' 'Monsieur the king's attorney,' said Pierrat gruffly, 'what shall we begin with?' Charmolue hesitated a moment, with the ambiguous grimace of a poet seeking a rhyme. 'With the brodequin,' said he at last. The unhappy creature felt herself so completely abandoned of God and

man, that her head fell on her chest like a thing inert, which has no power within itself. The torturer and the physician approached her both at once. The two assistants began rummaging in their hideous armoury. At the sound of those frightful irons the unfortunate girl started convulsively. 'Oh!' murmured she, so low that no one heard her, 'Oh! my Phœbus!' She then sank again into her previous insensibility and petrified silence. This spectacle would have torn any heart but the hearts of judges. She resembled a poor sinful soul interrogated by Satan at the crimson wicket of hell. The miserable body about which was to cling that frightful swarm of saws, wheels, and chevalets—the being about to be handled so roughly by those grim executioners and torturing pincers—was, then, that soft, fair, and fragile creature—a poor grain of millet, which human justice was sending to be ground by the horrid millstones of torture. Meanwhile the callous hands of Pierrat Torterue's assistants had brutally stripped that charming leg, that little foot, which had so often astonished the passers-by with their grace and beauty, in the streets of Paris. 'It's a pity,' growled out the torturer, as he remarked the grace and delicacy of their form. If the archdeacon had been present, he certainly would have remembered at that moment his symbol of the spider and the fly. Soon the unhappy girl saw approaching through the mist which was spreading over her eyes, the *brodequin* or wooden boot; soon she saw her foot, encased between the iron-bound boards, disappear under the terrific apparatus. Then terror restored her strength. 'Take that off,' cried she angrily, starting up all dishevelled: 'Mercy!' She sprang from the bed, to throw herself at the feet of the king's attorney; but her leg was caught in the heavy block of oak and iron-work, and she sank upon the brodequin more shattered than a bee with a heavy weight upon its wing. At a sign from Charmolue, they replaced her on the bed, and two coarse hands fastened round her small waist the leathern strap which hung from the ceiling. 'For the last time, do you confess the facts of the charge?' asked Charmolue with his imperturbable benignity. 'I am innocent,' was the answer. 'Then, mademoiselle, how do you explain the circumstances brought against you?' 'Alas, monseigneur! I don't know.' 'You deny then?' 'All!' 'Proceed,' said Charmolue to Pierrat. Pierrat turned the screw; the brodequin tightened; and the wretched girl uttered one of those horrible cries which are without orthography in any human tongue. 'Stop,' said Charmolue to Pierrat. 'Do you confess?' said he to the gipsy girl. 'All!' cried the wretched girl. 'I confess! I confess!—Mercy!' She had not calculated her strength in braving the torture. Poor child! whose life hitherto had been so joyous, so pleasant, so sweet—the first pang of acute pain had overcome her. 'Humanity obliges me to tell you,' observed the king's attorney, 'that in confessing, you have only to look for death.' 'I hope so,' said she. And she fell back on the bed of leather, dying, bent double, letting herself hang by the strap buckled round her waist. 'Come, come, my darling, hold up a bit,' said Maître Pierrat, raising her. 'You look like the gold sheep that hangs about Monsieur of Burgundy's neck.' Jacques Charmolue raised his voice:—'Registrar, write down—Young Bohemian girl, you confess your participation in the love-fests, sabbaths, and sorceries of hell, with wicked spirits, witches, and hob-goblins? Answer.' 'Yes,' said she,

so low that the word was lost in a whisper. 'You confess having seen the ram which Beelzebub causes to appear in the clouds to assemble the sabbath, and which is only seen by sorcerers.' 'Yes.' 'You confess having adored the heads of Bophomet, those abominable idols of the Templars.' 'Yes.' 'Having held habitual intercourse with the devil, under the form of a familiar she-goat, included in the prosecution?' 'Yes.' 'Lastly, you avow and confess having, with the assistance of the demon, and the phantom commonly called the spectre monk, on the night of the twenty-ninth of March last, murdered and assassinated a captain named Phœbus de Chateaupers?' She raised her large fixed eyes towards the magistrate; and answered, as if mechanically, without effort or emotion, 'Yes!' It was evident her whole being was shaken. 'Write down, registrar,' said Charmolue. And addressing himself to the torturers: 'Let the prisoner be unbound, and taken back into court.' When the brodequin was removed, the attorney of the ecclesiastical court examined her foot, still paralysed with pain. 'Come,' said he, 'there's not much harm done. You cried out in time. You could dance yet, my beauty!' He then turned towards his acolytes of the officiality:—'At length justice is enlightened!—that's a relief, gentlemen! Mademoiselle will at least bear this testimony—that we have acted with all possible gentleness.'"

We need only observe, that the unfortunate heroine has been taken upon a false charge of murdering her lover.

The chief truth of our higher English authors consists in the lights which they throw in among their shadows; but here the night is unbroken—the moral beauty of the poor dwarf is the only slight relief, and that is painful from its sense of hopeless misery. But Victor Hugo's mind needs regeneration: we only arrive at the great by believing in the good.

Report of Proceedings on a Voyage to the Northern Ports of China, in the Ship Lord Amherst. Extracted from Papers printed by order of the House of Commons, relating to the Trade with China. 8vo. pp. 296. London, 1833. B. Fellowes.

WE are glad to see a reprint of this information for the general use of the public; having perused the papers, and been much attracted by the importance which they not only possess for the present time, but the great commercial consequences to which they open our view.

The voyage was altogether extraordinary; extraordinary in its object, in its proceedings, in its observations of new places, and its obvious results. But in order to understand this, we must say a few words in explanation. Our readers need not be informed that a most unpleasant collision took place at Canton between the English factory and traders and the Chinese authorities; nor that Canton is the only port at which the jealousy of China admits of any foreign intercourse or traffic. Indignant at the treatment received, Mr. Majoribanks, the late president, suggested the experiment of sending a ship along the northern coasts of the empire, to visit different ports, and ascertain what were the feelings of the people with regard to a more extended trade. The ship Lord Amherst was accordingly despatched, with a complement of seventy men, under the direction of Mr. Lindsay, a nephew of Lord Balcarras, and with enough of brave and noble Scotch blood in his veins to sustain him under any form of adventure or danger. He also appears

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to have exercised much intelligence and exemplary presence of mind. He was accompanied, and greatly aided, by a Mr. Gutzlaff, who spoke the Chinese language fluently, and was thus of infinite advantage to the expedition. The skipper's name was Captain Rees, whose Welsh hardihood was equal to that of his associates.

It cannot be denied but that there was a con-founded degree of impudence in the whole transaction; as if a Chinese war-junk were to insist on landing at Portsmouth and Liverpool, to see what sort of places they were, *volens volens*, and ascertain if the inhabitants on the coast approved of the commercial policy of the government, or were inclined to break through its restrictions, and smuggle, or openly interchange commodities. Our mates set up the following pretence, and gave it wherever an account of their motives was required:—

"The ship is of the English nation, from Pang-ka-la (Bengal); her complement is seventy men; she is commanded by Hoo-Hea-me, and is bound for Japan." This report, though true in some respects, yet certainly gives no clue for the Chinese to trace the ship. She is from Bengal, and at the period I wrote this, it was anticipated that Japan would be comprised in the voyage. As it is probable we shall have frequent communication with Chinese authorities, I thought it best to style myself Chuen-choo, or commander of the vessel; and as my own name would be known in Canton, I substituted for it my Christian name of Hugh Hamilton, which I rendered into Chinese by Hoo-Hea-me. We had a conversation of some length with these mandarins, in the course of which some un-guarded observations were dropped, indicative of the great alarm in which they were relative to the result of the disturbances at Canton. The people on shore also had numerous vague reports on that subject, and we were assailed with eager inquiries as to what was likely to happen."

On reaching the Fokien province, the annexed statement was prepared:—

"The English merchant Hoo hereby petitions His Excellency the Tetuh of Fokien province, &c. &c. An English vessel from Bengal, bound to Japan and other places, and laden with a cargo of broad cloths, camlets, calicoes, cotton and other goods, arrived at this place on the third day of the third moon. Having been delayed by contrary winds for a long time, our water and provisions are nearly expended; we have therefore entered the harbour of Hea Mun, desiring to purchase what we stand in need of at a fair price. Coming from a distant country to China, we humbly expected that the Chinese would treat us with kindness, because the two nations have for a long period been on friendly terms, and traded together to their mutual advantage; nevertheless, we see our ship surrounded by war-junks, and an official proclamation is stuck up, forbidding the natives to come on board. Hence we think that some worthless persons have misinformed your excellency; and thus, being ignorant of the amicable intentions of the English, precautions are adopted as if they were enemies instead of friends of the Chinese. Yet your excellency must assuredly be well aware of the high name and honourable character of the English nation, and that when natives of China resort to her colonies, they are permitted freely to trade, and peacefully to reside there on the same terms as the people of England; no one dares to insult or injure them, nor are they compelled to apply to the mandarins for protection and redress. Such being the case, why should mutual unfriendly feelings be thus provoked?

Would it not be preferable for the two nations to strive together which should surpass the other in offices of friendship and mutual kindness? Moreover, the power of England is great; its ships are numerous, and its frontiers border upon the middle kingdom. Its sovereign permits his subjects to go and trade in every part of the world, and in the most remote countries; but they are especially commanded to act every where with propriety and justice, in order to exhibit, by their conduct, the equitable and virtuous dealings of Englishmen. These are the commands I have received from my superiors, and in visiting any of the Chinese ports, I will act accordingly; but, nevertheless, I cannot tacitly submit to insult. I now therefore respectfully present this petition to your excellency, and trust that I may be permitted to purchase the provisions and water required, for which favour, we strangers will feel greatly obliged. 12th year of Taoukwang, 3d moon, 4th day."

The Chinese authorities ordered the "barbarian ship" speedily to depart, moved camps along the shore to prevent any intercourse with the natives; and, indeed, were thrown into a dreadful turmoil by the unusual, unexpected, and unwelcome visitation. Mr. Lindsay, however, soon ascertained "that by a too scrupulous acquiescence with what the local authorities chose to term the invariable laws of the Celestial Empire, the object of our present voyage, which is principally for the acquisition of information, would in all probability be entirely thwarted; wherever we go, we evidently must be prepared to receive positive orders instantly to depart, with threats of the most serious consequences in case we dare to disobey. It therefore became a matter of reflection to me, how far I should feel myself justified in disobeying these injunctions, and at least trying the experiment of what measures the authorities would take for enforcing them, when they saw that mere words were disregarded by us. On arriving here we were positively prohibited from setting foot on shore, and ordered to sail away without a moment's delay. Both these points were disobeyed, and the comparatively trifling object of obtaining our provisions on our own terms was successfully contested; would not more important points have been granted to us if we had insisted on them? The result of our subsequent proceeding at Fuhchowfoo convinces me that less submission on our part would have met with greater readiness to meet our wishes on theirs. We remained at Amoy till the 7th instant.

"The voyage," he says elsewhere, "was entirely an experimental one; and as we bore no official character to render the Company in any way responsible for our acts, there appeared to me no reason why a slight experiment should not be tried on the government, by an appeal to its fears and weakness, of which we had already seen such ample proofs."

They entered a port in spite of all prohibitions; and, we are told, "the success of this measure was not long in doubt. The following morning (May 4), soon after daylight, Yang came again on board, and said, 'When you first came here, you told me you would be satisfied if you sold goods to the amount of 10,000 dollars; now I have some friends who are desirous to make a purchase to that amount; will that induce you to quit the port?' I answered in the affirmative, not feeling very anxious about disposing of more than a portion of our investment here, in order to reserve enough for other places to the northward. After a little further conversation, it was

settled that, as it would be inconvenient to tranship goods immediately in front of the custom-house, the ship should move to her old anchorage as soon as a deposit of 10 per cent, or 1000 dollars, was lodged in my hands as bargain-money. Yang also stipulated for a commission of three per cent to be allowed him on the transaction; and he left us, having pledged that the money should be on board by the 6th or 7th. He kept his word, and on the 7th brought off a party of merchants, who told us they were regular dealers in European goods, and yearly went to Canton to make purchases; and from the accurate knowledge they possessed of their various qualities, it was evident they had much experience in this trade."

They eventually purchased what the Lord Amherst desired to sell; but the affair seems to have involved the poor officials in sad trouble:—

"I have omitted to mention," says the author, "that on the morning of the 10th we heard that official orders had been received from the T-sung-tuh, announcing the degradation and dismissal of Chin-Ta-jin, foo-teang or vice-admiral of Mingan, and two other naval officers, on account of the entrance of the Lord Amherst; and that a successor had been appointed to Chin in the person of Lin Ta-lon Yay, who had filled the inferior office of tsan-teang at Amoy, and was one of the officers assembled to give us audience there. This circumstance in itself is very expressive; and it is difficult to feel much respect for a government which, seeing itself powerless to enforce its orders on a small merchant vessel, feels itself compelled to throw the blame of its own weakness, and endeavour to support its credit with the public, by the punishment of its subordinate officers. Only two days subsequent to this event it was not a little surprising for us to see two small-sized war-junks come alongside the ship, in which were Yang Laon Yay and his friends, who told us they came to take away the bales they had purchased, and pay the remainder of the price. Bags of money were accordingly handed out of the junks, and given to our shroff for examination; and at the same time the bales of cloth and camlet were opened, examined, and then marked and handed into the war-junks alongside. This took place in open day-light, and our decks were crowded at the time with upwards of 100 visitors. I could not refrain from asking Yang Laon Yay, how he could possibly reconcile the scene which was at that moment going on with the events of the last few days, and the edicts which I had seen, only two days before, placarded on the very door of his own office; and I told him that I felt confident that the whole proceeding was by the express though tacit sanction of the viceroy himself. Yang denied this, but in a manner which only strengthened my impression of the justice of my surmise. Be it as it will, such were the facts. Strange and almost incredible as it will appear to those practically unacquainted with the complicated machinery and habitual deception of the Chinese government, only three days subsequent to an admiral and several superior officers having been degraded from their rank for having permitted a foreign merchant-ship to force the entrance of the port of one of the principal towns in the empire, and while edicts are placarded in every quarter, prohibiting all natives, under the severest penalties of the law, from holding the slightest intercourse with the barbarian ship, two war-junks hoisting the imperial flag come, in the open face of day, and

trade with her, in the presence of hundreds of spectators, while the civil mandarin of the district stays on board the whole time, examines the goods, and assists in the transaction."

"I feel no hesitation (he adds) in expressing my conviction, that if it had suited the policy of the British government and the honourable company to have followed up the negotiations undertaken by Lord W. Bentinck to bring the local government of Canton to account for the acts committed in May 1831, and the event of such negotiations led (as they probably would) to collision with the Canton government, and thus placed the English nation in a state of hostility with the Chinese empire, that then every point which could have been desired to establish the commerce between the two nations on a footing equally advantageous and honourable might have been gained in a wonderfully short period, with little expense, and comparatively no loss of life. Had such events occurred, my conviction amounts, in my own mind, to a feeling of certainty, that if four or six Indiamen and one of His Majesty's frigates had entered the port of Fuh-Chow-foo, captured the war-junks, proceeded to Mingan, and thence sent the option to the government of friendship or hostility, trade or war, that the freedom of British intercourse would have been established in perpetuity, without any expenditure either of blood or money. The government are too sensible of their own weakness, and the very slight hold they possess over the affections of the people, ever to risk such an alternative."

We have heard of forcing a trade, but surely it was never literally done so forcibly as by our friends of the Lord Amherst. But we must go back for one or two sketches of the local. Ascending the river Fuh-Chow-foo, the author says:—

"For about five miles in the vicinity of Mingan the river is contracted to a narrow channel of not more than a quarter of a mile; and the mountains on each side rise abruptly to a height of several thousand feet. The scenery is highly beautiful, and strongly resembles that on the banks of the Rhine. A few miles above Mingan the river divides into two wide branches, the northern of which leads to Fuh Chow. The banks of the river are here of the richest alluvial soil, and the mountains recede to some distance from the banks; one bold abrupt ridge, terminating in a perpendicular cliff on the southern side, is very remarkable. Having sailed, as near as we could calculate, a distance of twenty-five miles from Woo-foo-mun, a forest of masts, and several handsome pagodas, intimated the vicinity of the capital; and, finally, we were gratified with a view of the far-famed bridge of Fuh-Chow-foo, of which the splendour and magnitude is celebrated over the whole empire. The town is here built on both sides of the river, and, on a superficial calculation, I should guess it about two-thirds the size of Canton. We pulled straight up to a public office on the south side, and inquired the way to the viceroy's palace, which they informed us was in the city on the opposite side of the river, to which we accordingly went. The bridge was thronged with spectators. In passing I counted thirty-three arches, or rather diamond-shaped piles of huge masses of granite, which support transverse blocks of enormous dimensions. The length I subsequently measured, and found to be 420 yards, the breadth above fourteen feet; and narrow as this is, a considerable portion is occupied by temporary shops. The depth of the river is three and four fathoms, with a

very rapid current; the flood-tide is hardly felt, except by occasioning a rise in the water. As a work of labour it is wonderful, but no symptoms of architecture or science are displayed; in many places it has sunk considerably, but, from its massive structure, it has already stood the test of centuries, and will probably endure for many more. I confess we were disappointed, after having read Du Halde's account of the wonderful bridge of 100 arches, described as follows: 'It (Fuh-Chow) is chiefly famous on account of its situation, commerce, multitude of learned men, the fertility of its soil, fine rivers, that carry the largest barks of China almost up to its walls, and, lastly, for a surprising bridge, consisting of more than 100 arches, built with fine white stones, across the bay;' but this is merely one instance out of many, in which the missionaries either describe things and places they have never seen, or else give such exaggerated accounts of their magnificence, that no one could recognise them from their description. We now landed among a dense crowd, and inquiring the way to the viceroy's palace, several ran before us. Our party consisted of five, Mr. Gutzlaff, Stevens, two officers of the Amherst, and myself: we left the boat in charge of the gunner, with directions to push off a little from the shore, and allow no person either to quit or enter the boat. We now walked on at a quick pace to keep ahead of the crowd, and having gone at least a mile and a half through the suburbs, we came to the city; we were here met by a few police-runners, who walked before us. The city walls are high and seem in good repair. We entered under a spacious building through a vaulted passage, but there were no gates. Having gone about a quarter of a mile further, we were ushered into the public office of the Che-heen, and the doors were instantly shut to keep out the rush of people who had followed us. The surprise expressed by the numerous official attendants, by whom we were now surrounded, at our sudden and totally unexpected appearance, was amusing. We were assailed with numerous questions as to our nation and object; but what appeared to puzzle them most, was how we managed to find our way without any guides. In a short time a mandarin with a gold button came from the Tsung-heh's office; at his request a written report was given to him, including all our names and surnames, on which point a particular inquiry was made. Mr. Gutzlaff assumed the name of Kea Le, as Chinese for his Christian name of Charles. I now produced my petition, and stated it to be my wish to present it in person."

We will not trace all the negotiations which occurred, wherever any thing of this sort was to be achieved; suffice it to say, they were invariably attended by all the evasion and intricacy of Chinese diplomacy.

"The principal trade of Fuh Chow-foo appears to be carried on with the neighbouring province of Che Keang, numerous vessels of which place were lying in the river, and daily entering and quitting the port; they are distinguished by their peculiar build, which fits them only for coasting vessels, and their black cloth sails. Wood and timber of every description appear the principal articles of trade. Tobacco is also exported in considerable quantities; but tea, which is the staple produce of this part of the country, it is not legal to transport by sea. The cause of this prohibition is evidently an apprehension that, were it permitted, foreigners would avail themselves of it to get their supply without coming to the port

of Canton for it. I endeavoured to ascertain the population of this town, but the accounts I received were so vague and exaggerated, that no confidence could be placed in them; some stated it as high as 800,000: I should think somewhat less than one half the more probable amount; but in point of local and commercial advantages, few cities of the empire are more favourably situated than Fuh Chow. The fine river Min, which is navigable for ships of the largest burden to within ten miles of the town (perhaps nearer) runs into the very centre of the Woo-E-Hills, from which the finest black tea comes, the expense of conveying which overland to Canton greatly enhances its value. Fuh Chow is also a far more central situation than Canton for the distribution of British woollen manufactures, which would also be here in greater request from the coldness of the climate. In the latter point, however, some of the more northern ports, such as Ning-po or Shang-hae, have much greater advantages than Fuh Chow. On returning to the ship, we found that in our absence several junks and war-boats had surrounded us, and had commenced a course of proceedings exactly similar to what we had been subjected to at Amoy, driving away all native boats that approached us. It was therefore evident that only two courses remained for my selection; the one, to submit tacitly to the dictation of the mandarins, and relinquish all hopes of succeeding in my object either of trade or intercourse; the other, to use such measures as I had in my power to attain my object. I will here take the liberty of observing, that I must have been very dull of observation had I not remarked, during the intercourse I have had with the Chinese officers within the last two months, that much more may be gained by an appeal to their fears than to their friendship: I therefore in the present case resolved, to a certain extent, to avail myself of the impossibility of the Chinese government rendering any other parties responsible for the acts of the ship under my directions, being guided by my own feelings of prudence and discretion to avoid hostile collision, and scrupulously abstaining from any acts of violence, excepting in self-defence."

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Inferno of Dante. Translated by I. C. Wright, M.A. 8vo. pp. 437. London, 1833. Longman.

THE *Inferno* of Dante is perhaps one of the most extraordinary poems ever composed. It is entirely descriptive; and unless we are to consider the poet as his own hero, destitute of one. The design of the divine comedy, of which the *Inferno* is the first part, is magnificent, and, from the very nature of the subject, sublime. Hell, purgatory, and heaven, are laid open to our view; the pains and torments of the first, and the bliss of the last, are drawn with a master-hand, and are awarded with consummate impartiality. Friendship neither mitigates the one, nor enhances the other. For the period in which the poem was written, no subject could be more popular; and, as Sismondi observes, "it was at the same time deeply religious, and most nearly connected with every feeling that country, glory, or faction, could awake; since all the illustrious dead were, in their turn, to appear on this new stage." But, however popular it may once have been, it can maintain that ground no longer. The perpetual recurrence of dark and obscure allusions, and names with which our ear has no familiarity, essentially mar the interest. We think we may

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safely say, that, with the exception of a few episodes, such as those of Francesca da Rimini and Count Ugolino, the *divina commedia* is scarcely read at all. It is, in fact, tasking the attention too far to wade through the 34 cantos of the *Inferno*. Horrors crowd so thick upon us, that we are disgusted. Some are even irresistibly ludicrous; such, for instance, as Bertrand de Bornio being represented, in the 28th canto, as carrying his own head about dangling from his hand like a lantern. It is nevertheless to be borne in mind, that the popular belief of his times sanctioned these details. The general idea of the infernal regions seems to have been a strange commixture of the Pagan and Christian mythologies. Dante gives us Plutus and Pluto, Cerberus and Charon. The seventh circle is guarded by the minotaur, and in it we have a band of centaurs doing duty as horse patrol, to prevent the escape of the tormented ghosts, and who oppose the farther progress of Dante and his conductor Virgil. Notwithstanding these incongruities, which in the present day make the *Inferno* sound almost like a parody, its beauties, as is well known, are innumerable. Like our own Milton, Dante presents to us images with as rough but as masterly a sketch. There is no laboured finishing—no hunting a thought to death as it were. The poet merely indicates the idea, leaving it to his reader's imagination to follow it up. This, in very many instances, produces obscurity, which has been a nest-egg to a host of commentators, who, as usual, for the most part, by their differences of opinion, give a deeper tinge to darkness itself. We would not, however, be understood to include in this sweeping censure, such men as Foscolo, Rossetti, &c. whose labours have received their due meed of praise in several of our elder *Gazettes*.

Mr. Wright has availed himself of every possible source which might assist him in giving a correct version of the *Inferno*. His translation is for the most part satisfactory, though not brilliant: we miss the terseness of Dante. We do not see why he could not have adopted the real *terza rima*, instead of the species of stanza that he has given us, which rhymes only two lines together instead of three. The appearance of the verse defrauds, as it looks like *terza rima*, but is not so; and on the discovery we feel the more disappointed from a sense of having been imposed upon. Byron has proved that the verse is suited to our poetry, nor can it be considered so difficult as the Spenserian stanza.

We might also quarrel with Mr. Wright for Anglicising some of the Italian names—for metamorphosing the euphonous words, Gualandi, Sismondi, Lanfranchi, into the hard and Gothic-sounds, Gualands, Sismonds, Lanfranks! What possible reason could induce him to this wilful disfigurement?

We give the following specimens of the translation. The first is the description of the dread tumults of sounds which Dante heard on entering the dark portals:

"There sighs, and sorrows, and heart-rending cries,
Resounded through the starless atmosphere,
Whence tears began to gather in mine eyes.
Harsh tongues discordant—horrible discourse—
Words of despair—fierce accents of despite—
Striking of hands—with curses deep and hoarse,
Raised a loud tumult, that unceasing whirled
Throughout that gloom of everlasting night,
Like to the sand by circling eddies hurled."

We subjoin the two episodes alluded to above. The first in order is that of Francesca da Rimini. We object to his translating the word *gentile*, noble, in the fourth line. Had Mr. Wright attended to Boccaccio's *Commentary*, he would have translated it as Byron has done—gentle.

"My native place is seated on the coast,
Where Po rolls down his waters to the sea,
And seeks in peace to blend his restless host.
Love, that in noble heart is quickly caught,
Enamoured him of that fair form—from me
So rudely torn,—there's anguish in the thought.
Love, that permits no loved one not to love,
So ravished me to think of pleasing him,
That, as thou seest, its influence still I prove.
Love caused us both to share one common tomb—
Hell's lowest depth—Caina dark and dim
Awaits our murderer!—Thus she told her doom.
Soon as I heard their wrongs, my head I bent,
Nor from the ground my drooping eyes retire,
Till cried the bard: 'On what art thou intent?'
When I could answer him, 'Alas!' I said,
'How sweet the thoughts—how ardent the desire
That to the mournful step these lovers led!
Then turning to them, in these words I spake:
'Thy wrongs, Francesca, make mine eyes o'erflow
With sorrowing tears,—such pity they awake.
But tell me how, and by what sign confest,
In that sweet time of sighs, how could you know
The doubtful passion labouring in each breast?'
And she to me: 'There is no greater woe,
Than to remember days of happiness
Amid affliction!—this thy guide doth know.
But if how love did first our hearts beguile,
Thou fain wouldst hear, I will the truth confess,
As one who tells her tale, and weeps the while.
One day it chanced, for pastime we were reading
How Lancelot to love became a prey;
Alone we met—of evil thoughts unheeding.
Our eyes oft met together as we read;
And from our cheeks the colour died away;
But at one passage we were vanquished.
And when we read of him so deep in love,
Kissing at last the smile long time desired,
Then he, who from my side will ne'er remove,
My lips all trembling kissed!—well may I say
That book was Galeot!—Galeot he who fired
Its glowing page:—we read no more that day."

To conclude, we give the episode of Count Ugolino, though we do not think it the most successful of Mr. Wright's efforts.

"When I awoke, ere morn its rays had shed,
I heard my sons, who with me were confined,
Sob in their slumbers, and cry out for bread.
Full cruel art thou, if thou canst conceive,
Without a tear, what then came o'er my mind!
And if thou grieve not, what can make thee grieve?
They were awake; and now the hour drew near,
Which had been wont to bring their scant repast,
And each was pondering o'er his dream of fear,—
When from within the dreadful tower I heard
The entrance underneath with nails made fast!
I gazed upon my boys—nor spake a word.
I wept not, for my heart was turn'd to stone;
My children wept; and little Anselm cried—
'What ails thee, father? strange thy looks are grown.'
Yet still I wept not—still made no reply
Throughout that day, and all the night beside;
Until another sun lit up the sky.
But, when a faint and broken ray was thrown
Within that dismal dungeon, and I view'd
In their four looks the image of my own,—
Then both my hands through anguish did I bite;
And they, supposing that from want of food
I did so, sudden raised themselves upright,
And said: 'O father, less will be our pain,
If thou wilt feed on us: thou didst bestow
This wretched flesh! 'tis time to take again.'
Then was I calm, lest they the more should grieve.
Two days all silent we remain'd!—O thou
Hart earth, why didst thou not beneath us cleave?
Four days our agonies had been delay'd,
When Gaddo at my feet his body threw,
Exclaiming: 'Father! why not give me aid?'
He died; and, as distinct as here I stand,
I saw the three fall one by one, before
The sixth day closed; then, groping with my hand,
I felt each wretched corpse, for sight had fail'd.
Two days I call'd on those who were no more;
Then hunger—stronger e'en than grief—prevail'd."

On the whole, however, we consider that Mr. Wright has enriched our literature with his translation. His notes and preface are interesting.

Memoirs of Baron Cuvier. By Mrs. R. Lee (formerly Mrs. T. Ed. Bowdich). 8vo. pp. 351. London, 1833. Longman and Co.

A MEMOIR of this great man having appeared in the *Literary Gazette* shortly after he was lost to the world of science and letters, we do not think it necessary to follow Mrs. Lee into her more minute details: suffice it to notice, that the volume is divided into four parts; the first containing all the leading circumstances of Cuvier's life; the second an account of his works; the third the history of his legislative

career; and the last, anecdotes illustrative of his character. The summary of his life is given in the following chronological list.

- A. D.
1768. (August 23) Born.
1779. Entered the Gymnase of Montbéliard.
1784. (May 4) Entered the Académie Caroline, in the University of Stuttgart.
1788. Left Stuttgart to return to Montbéliard. Entered as tutor into the family of Count d'Hericy, in Normandy.
1793. Death of M. Cuvier's mother.
1795. (Spring) Came to Paris.
Appointed Membre de la Commission des Arts.
Appointed Professor at the Central School of the Pantheon.
(July) Made assistant to M. Mertrud, and entered the Jardin des Plantes; sent for his father and brother; commenced the *Gallerie d'Anatomie comparée*.
(December) Opened his first course of lectures, at the Jardin des Plantes, on Comparative Anatomy.
1796. Made a Member of the National Institute.
1798. Proposal made to M. Cuvier, by Count Berthollet, to accompany the expedition to Egypt, which offer was refused.
1800. Appointed Professor at the Collège de France, on which M. Cuvier resigned the chair at the Central School of the Pantheon.
Elected Secretary to the class of Physical and Mathematical Sciences of the Institute.
1802. Named one of the six Inspectors-General of Education (Etudes).
Went to Marseilles, &c. to found the Royal Colleges.
1803. Made perpetual Secretary to the Class of Physical and Mathematical Sciences of the Institute.
Resigned Inspector-generalship of Education.
Married to Madame Duvaucel.
1827. (Jan 14) Appointed Censor of the Press; which appointment was instantly refused.
Charged with the government of all the non-Catholic religions.
1828. (September 28) Death of Mademoiselle Clementine Cuvier.
1830. Resumed lectures at the Collège de France.
Paid a second visit to England.
1832. Created a peer.
(May) Appointed President to the entire Council of State.
(May 13) Death.

We shall merely select a few passages from the characteristic anecdotes, as proof of the talent with which Mrs. Lee has produced this interesting biography.

"No one enjoyed a ludicrous circumstance more than he did; no one was happier at the performance of a comedy; for, when I was living in Paris, a ridiculous afterpiece was frequently represented on the stage, called *Le Voyage à Dieppe*, in which the professors of the Jardin des Plantes were brought forward in the most amusing way possible; and such was M. Cuvier's uncontrollable risibility at its performance one evening, that the people in the pit several times called out to him to be quiet. The nerves of M. Cuvier were particularly irritable by nature, and frequently betrayed him into expressions of impatience, for which no one could be more sorry than himself, the causes of which were immediately forgotten; and the caresses and kindnesses which were afterwards bestowed, seldom seemed to him to speak sufficiently the strength of his feelings at his own imperfection."

"That love of order which so prevailed in great things, was, by M. Cuvier, carried even into the minutiae of life. His dissecting dress, it is true, was not of brilliant appearance, but it was adapted to the occasion; in this he would frequently walk about early in the summer mornings, in the open air, or pace up and down the galleries of anatomy; but on all other occasions his toilette was adjusted with care. He himself designed the patterns for the embroidery of his coat and institute coats, invented all the costumes of the university, and drew the model for the uniform of the council, which drawing accompanied the decree by which it was established. I was very anxious to see him in his university robes; and having mentioned my wish, he came into

the room where I was sitting, when decked in all the paraphernalia for a grand meeting. The long, flowing gown of rich violet-coloured velvet, bordered with ermine, added to his height, and concealed the corpulence of his figure; the cap, of the same materials, could not confine his curls; and, brilliant with his ribands and his orders, the outward appearance fully accorded with the internal man.

"He could not bear to be inactive for an instant; and once, while sitting for a portrait which was to face the quarto edition of his 'Discours sur les Révolutions du Globe,' Mlle. Duvaucel read to him the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' He had a map of London at his elbow, which the artist allowed him occasionally to consult; and the Latin of King James often excited a smile, which was a desirable expression for the painter; but unhappily the engraver was not a faithful copyist, and this published portrait is any thing but a resemblance.

"One thing used particularly to annoy him, which was, to find an Englishman who could not speak French. It gave him a restraint, of which many have complained, but which, on these occasions, solely arose from a feeling of awkwardness on his own part at not being able to converse with his foreign guest. No one ever rendered greater justice to the merit of his predecessors or contemporaries than M. Cuvier. 'Half a century,' he said, 'had sufficed for a complete metamorphosis in science; and it is very probable that, in a similar space of time, we also shall have become ancient to a future generation. These motives ought never to suffer us to forget the respectful gratitude we owe to those who have preceded us, or to repulse, without examination, the ideas of youth; which, if just, will prevail, whatever obstacles the present age may throw in their way.

"One evening, the various signs placed over the shop-doors in Paris were discussed; their origin, their uses, were described; and then came the things themselves. Of course, the most absurd were chosen; and, last of all, M. Cuvier said that he knew of a bootmaker who had caused a large and ferocious-looking lion to be painted, in the act of tearing a boot to pieces with his teeth. This was put over his door, with the motto, '*On peut me déchirer, mais jamais me déceudre.*' I was in Paris when the celebrated picture, painted by Girodet, of Pygmalion and the Statue, was exhibiting at the Louvre. It caused a general sensation; epigrams, impromptus, were made upon it without end; wreaths of flowers, and crowns of bays, were hung upon it; so that it became a universal theme of conversation. Among other topics, it was one evening introduced at M. Cuvier's; when M. Brongniart (the celebrated mineralogist, and director of the Royal Manufactory of China at Sèvres) found fault with the flesh, which, he said, was too transparent; Baron de Humboldt (the learned Prussian traveller, who had lately been occupying himself with the chemical experiments of M. Gay-Lussac) objected to the general tone of the picture, which, he said, looked as if lighted up with modern gas; M. de Prony (one of the mathematical professors of the Ecole Polytechnique, and also director of the Ecole des Ponts et Chaussées) found fault with the plinth of the statue; and many gave their opinion in the like manner, each pointing out the faults that had struck him in this celebrated performance; after which, M. Cuvier said that the thumb of Pygmalion was not properly drawn, and would require an additional joint

to those given by nature, for it to appear in the position selected by the painter. Upon this, M. Biot (the mathematician and natural philosopher, who had remained silent all the time), with mock solemnity summed up the whole, shewing that every body had been more or less influenced by his peculiar vocation, or favourite pursuit; and concluded by saying, that he had no doubt but that every one of them, if they met Girodet the next day, would congratulate him on the perfect picture he had produced."

Familiar Letters and Miscellaneous Papers of Benjamin Franklin; now for the first time published. Edited by Jared Sparks, author of "The Life of Gouverneur Morris," "Memoirs of John Ledyard," &c. &c. With explanatory Notes. London, 1833. Jackson and Walford.

THERE is much in this little volume of merely private and domestic concernment, which it might readily be supposed could be of no public interest. We are ready to confess it; but at the same time, Benjamin Franklin was a man so richly endowed with practical good sense, that even his most common-place notes often, like the oyster-shell, contain a pearl. No doubt the principal fruits of his intellect have long since been gathered in various and multifarious publications; yet we like this home illustration so much, that we think we cannot do better than recommend it strongly to readers. Never mind the Cousin Jenny's or the Sister Mecom's "family incidents," though even from the correspondence on these many a useful lesson may be picked out: in small affairs, as in the more important transactions of life, instruction is to be gathered from these pages, where labour has not overshadowed the force of every-day and applicable truths. The book, if taken up with that view, will amuse nobody; if perused with a disposition to extract the kernels from the boughs and shells, it may benefit everybody.

How sensible are the following remarks about a nephew of his, an apprentice, whose mother had communicated a long story of grievances!

"As to the bad attendance afforded him in the small-pox, I believe if the negro woman did not do her duty, her master or mistress would, if they had known it, have had that matter mended. But Mrs. Parker was herself, if I am not mistaken, sick at that time, and her child also. And though he gives the woman a bad character in general, all he charges her with in particular, is, that she never brought him what he called for directly, and sometimes not at all. He had the distemper favourably, and yet I suppose was bad enough to be, like other sick people, a little impatient, and perhaps might think a short time long, and sometimes call for things not proper for one in his condition. As to clothes, I am frequently at New York, and I never saw him unprovided with what was good, decent, and sufficient. I was there no longer ago than March last, and he was then well clothed, and made no complaint to me of any kind. I heard both his master and mistress call upon him on Sunday morning to get ready to go to meeting, and tell him of his frequently delaying and shuffling till it was too late, and he made not the least objection about clothes. I did not think it any thing extraordinary, that he should be sometimes willing to evade going to meeting, for I believe it is the case with all boys, or almost all. I have brought up four or five myself, and have frequently observed, that if their shoes were bad, they would say nothing of a new pair till Sun-

day morning, just as the bell rung, when, if you asked them why they did not get ready, the answer was prepared, 'I have no shoes,' and so of other things, hats and the like; or if they knew of any thing that wanted mending, it was a secret till Sunday morning; and sometimes I believe they would rather tear a little, than be without the excuse. As to going on petty errands, no boys love it, but all must do it. As soon as they become fit for better business, they naturally get rid of that, for the master's interest comes in to their relief. I make no doubt but Mr. Parker will take another apprentice, as soon as he can meet with a likely one. In the mean time I should be glad if Benny would exercise a little patience. There is a negro woman that does a great many of those errands.

"I shall tire you, perhaps, with the length of this letter; but I am the more particular, in order, if possible, to satisfy your mind about your son's situation. His master has, by a letter this post, desired me to write to him about his staying out of nights, sometimes all night, and refusing to give an account where he spends his time, or in what company. This I had not heard of before, though I perceive you have. I do not wonder at his correcting him for that. If he was my own son, I should think his master did not do his duty by him, if he omitted it, for, to be sure, it is the high road to destruction; and I think the correction very light, and not likely to be very effectual, if the strokes left no marks."

The "useful knowledge" in this extract is worth a whole association of benevolent sentimentalists—fifty times more intelligible than all the projects for making schoolboys petted philosophers, jail-birds passive endurers of slight privations, and felons at the gallows justified and glorified martyrs. And the man who said it also said this:—

"For my own part, at present, I pass my time agreeably enough. I enjoy, through mercy, a tolerable share of health. I read a great deal, ride a little, do a little business for myself, now and then for others, retire when I can, and go into company when I please; so the years roll round, and the last will come, when I would rather have it said, *He lived usefully, than He died rich.*"

Pass we to another subject, and another letter of 1756, breathing both of ancient philosophy and Christian application.

"I condole with you. We have lost a most dear and valuable relation. But it is the will of God and nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter into real life. This is rather an embryo state, a preparation for living. A man is not completely born until he be dead. Why, then, should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals, a new member added to their happy society? We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us, while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or in doing good to our fellow-creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an encumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent, that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he who quits the whole body, parts at once with all pains,

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and possibilities of pains and diseases, which it was liable to, or capable of making him suffer. Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure, which is to last for ever. His chair was ready first, and he is gone before us. We could not all conveniently start together; and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and know where to find him?"

The subjoined advice to a young lady, to whom he had given some books to read, is so judicious, though so obvious, that we quote it for all our youthful friends.

"I would advise you to read with a pen in your hand, and enter in a little book short hints of what you find that is curious, or that may be useful; for this will be the best method of imprinting such particulars in your memory, where they will be ready, either for practice on some future occasion, if they are matters of utility; or at least to adorn and improve your conversation, if they are rather points of curiosity. And as many of the terms of science are such as you cannot have met with in your common reading, and may therefore be unacquainted with, I think it would be well for you to have a good dictionary at hand to consult immediately when you meet with a word you do not comprehend the precise meaning of. This may at first seem troublesome and interrupting; but it is a trouble that will daily diminish, as you will daily find less and less occasion for your dictionary, as you become more acquainted with the terms; and in the mean time you will read with more satisfaction, because with more understanding."

Our next quotation, on the choice of a wife, is so much in Poor Richard's style, that we must extract it.

"Dear Cousin,—I received your kind letter of November 8th, and rejoice to hear of the continued welfare of you and your good wife and four daughters. I hope they will all get good husbands. I daresay they will be educated so as to deserve them. I knew a wise old man, who used to advise his young friends to choose wives out of a bunch; for where there were many daughters, he said, they improved each other, and from emulation acquired more accomplishments, knew more, could do more, and were not spoiled by parental fondness, as single children often are. Yours have my best wishes, and blessing, if that can be of any value."

The following is also much in character.

"You need not be concerned, in writing to me, about your bad spelling; for, in my opinion, as our alphabet now stands, the bad spelling, or what is called so, is generally the best, as conforming to the sound of the letters and of the words. To give you an instance. A gentleman received a letter, in which were these words,—*Not finding Brown at hom, I delivered your mesag to his gf.* The gentleman finding it bad spelling, and therefore not very intelligible, called his lady to help him read it. Between them, they picked out the meaning of all but the *gf*, which they could not understand. The lady proposed calling her chambermaid, because Betty, says she, has the best knack at reading bad spelling of any one I know. Betty came, and was surprised that neither sir nor madam could tell what *gf* was. 'Why,' says she, '*g f* spells wife—what else can it spell?' And, indeed, it is a much better, as well as shorter method of spelling *wife*, than *Doubleyou, i, ef, e*, which in reality spell *Doubleyfey*."

There are some curious letters to the famous Paul Jones, more than fifty years ago, when

Lafayette was joined with that adventurer in designs to harrass the English coasts; but we can only refer to them; and conclude with a fine idea of Franklin's, after alluding to some waste of moments in card-playing and other amusements.

"I have indeed now and then a little compunction, in reflecting that I spent time so idly; but another reflection comes to relieve me, whispering, '*You know that the soul is immortal; why then should you be such a niggard of a little time, when you have a whole eternity before you?*' So, being easily convinced, and, like other reasonable creatures, satisfied with a small reason, when it is in favour of doing what I have a mind to, I shuffle the cards again, and begin another game."

Instructions to Young Sportsmen, &c. By Lieutenant. Col. P. Hawker. 7th Edition. 8vo. pp. 507. London, 1833. Longman, and Co.

OUR previous encomiums on Col. Hawker's volume have been amply borne out by the words so gratifying to the ear of author and publisher, "seventh edition;" and we have only to notice, at the present auspicious season, when grouse-shooting has begun, and next week brings us to the eve of partridge-slaughter, that the present is enlarged by some characteristic additions. Take the preface for example:—

"The sixth edition (consisting of 1500 copies) being now sold off, I am this moment unexpectedly called on for a seventh: but here there is little to add on the subject of gunmakers; except that poor old Egg is dead, and succeeded by his son John. Instead, however, of his 'cutting up fat,' as was expected, he died like a man of genius; or, in other words, with his balance on the shady side of the book!—The gunmakers, in short, remain as I left them in 1830—like the frogs without a king; and, as before, complaining bitterly about the dulness of trade."

In the directions for trying barrels, after describing the common modes, the colonel says—

"Another, somewhat inferior, though a quicker and cheaper, way of trying barrels is to borrow an iron plate, and whitewash it every shot. By doing this you save the expense of, and time required for nailing up, paper; and can form a tolerable idea of the strength, by observing the impression of the lead; as the stronger the gun shoots, the flatter the pellets are beat, and the larger, of course, therefore will the dark spots appear on the white surface."

The next page, and at 76, &c. the colonel, with his usual *bonhomie*, warmly recommends Lancaster; of whom, however, we shall say that we tried him, and found much reason so complain of his falling short of his patron's mark in his dealing with us.

Several improvements in locks, tube-chargers, caps, primers, &c., are explained; but, as they require the wood-cuts to be understood, we must refer to the book itself.

The following might appear to advantage in any work on natural history:—

"If a gentleman wishes to have plenty of wildfowl on his pond, let him preserve the coots, and keep no tame swans. The reason that all wildfowl seek the company of coots, is because these birds are such good sentries, to give the alarm by day, when the fowl generally sleep. But the mute-swans will attack every fresh bird that dares to appear within reach of them. But not so with the hoopers—they are 'the peaceful monarchs of the lake.' * * *

"1832. I have ever since adopted the plan of vaccination; and so little, if any, has been

the effect of distemper after it, that I have not lost a dog since the year 1816. Many thanks to my anonymous friend for the hint."

The subject of poaching introduces some new remarks since the law was altered, and also on beer-shops, not unworthy of attention:—

"The poachers, when not in bed or at their work, generally frequent what were formerly called 'bough-houses,' unlicensed places where beer was sold, but now regularly licensed, as 'beer-houses;' much increased in number; and therefore a ten times greater nuisance than ever! The very ruin of the lower classes and their families. [If beer must be sold, it should be taken home by the poor man to his wife and children, and not guzzled by himself, in half a day's idleness, among, and perhaps under the tuition of, a den of thieves. We sadly want some amendment to regulate this abominable bill!] In haunts like these, it may be contrived to discover a whole gang of poachers, by having them closely watched, or buying over, for a spy or keeper, some well-known 'old hand.' In short, if these fellows are never lost sight of, they must be taken, sooner or later; but, if only watched for in the fields and woods, they may escape their pursuers till they have stripped a manor. The most scientific poacher, and the least likely to be detected, is the one who snares partridges, in the open country, or catches hares and pheasants, in covert, in the middle of the day. Take a covert, for instance,—the poacher with snares and silk nets goes through it, and quietly sets them. When this is done, throughout the whole extent of covert, where there are paths or runs, the coppice is then disturbed by a mute and unsuspected cur, and the destruction immense, if well supplied with game. The grand time for this is on a Sunday; or on a wet day, when no sportsmen are likely to be out. The fellow, if caught, has of course some prepared excuse, such as that of nutting; or of cutting a stick—having lost his way, &c. You find no game upon him, and therefore can do nothing with him! While possibly his fifty brace are hid away in sacks to be brought off at midnight to the receiver—perhaps the ci-devant man-cook of a country inn, or some such 'deep old file,' who generally contrives to keep out of all scrapes, and pass himself off as a respectable man."

On the Game Laws.—"Certain it is that almost every one is exclaiming most violently against the new game-laws; and swearing that unless they are altered, field sports will soon cease to be the occupation of gentlemen. But is there any such great difficulty in discovering the evil that now exists, and renders the new game-laws (which might be made excellent) even worse than the old ones? See how the matter at present stands—we have, on the one hand, legalised the sale of game, and thereby opened the market an hundredfold; without, on the other hand, having taken any one additional step against the wholesale destroyer of it—the poacher. We may proceed against the fair sportsman, like a common felon, if, by chance or absolute mistake, he crosses one little strip of land, without a formal permission; while the poacher, unless you can prove him to be 'in search or pursuit of game,' is wholly exonerated from the penalty of the present act. No man should be subject to a penalty unless he has received a notice; and then let the penalty be made even more severe than that in the new game-laws. And, above all, let the penalty be for wilful trespass, whether in pursuit of game or not. How could the poacher then go to reconnoitre, or to set his wires, or to take the eggs of game? But, as the law now stands, it de-

stroys the sport of the gentleman, whose interest it is to preserve the game; and, by an enlarged market, affords additional facility to the wholesale destroyer. As the law was (except qualification), and still is, any man with a license and permission may catch game in the daytime! Only refer back to my 'Hints for the Preservation of Game,' and see what may be done in this way by the day-poacher. Again, walk through the streets of London, or any other large town, and see how many hundred head of game are hanging in the poulterers' shops, without one feather being touched with shot! Is it possible that we can do away with qualifications, keep an open market, and at the same time have no effectual remedy against the trespass of the secret poacher, or the murderous havoc of the net and snare? But following up the same bad policy, we make war with the very men of all others who have the power to be our best assistants, who are constantly on the ground, and about at all hours, and who have the lower classes under their immediate control—I mean the farmers. They, who feed the game, are to be subject to even a greater penalty than the unknown trespasser; and to pay 1*l.* for every head of game, in addition to the 2*l.* penalty for trespass! Can any man of common sense imagine that, while such a law exists, a farmer will exert himself to prohibit his labourers from poaching, or feel the smallest interest in preserving the nest of a partridge? Impossible! With a general qualification and an open market, a three-and-a-half-guinea license is not sufficient. Though the legal attainment of game, by fair purchase or otherwise, is the undoubted right of the subject, yet the shooting it is an amusement—a luxury; and, for this reason there can be no hardship in raising the price of a certificate. Why not also make every one who shoots wildfowl, plover, wood-pigeons, &c., any where but on his own land, pay a small license for his diversion, similar to a French *port-d'armes*? In short, after all, there has been an immoderate deal said, and but very little done, with this everlasting subject, the game-laws. Let us, however, hope that, before the sports of country gentlemen are completely annihilated, something will be settled to the satisfaction of all fair and rational men: and as to those who are not of this number, whether they are pleased or not is a matter of very little consequence."

For the useful we select the annexed:

"*Corn-Plaster*.—The following recipe was given me by the Earl of —, on purpose for this book; and I set my man to try it on several unfortunates, who have given him their blessing for the cures he has made:

Mercurial plaster	2 drams
Diachylon ditto, with resin	2 drams
Diachylon ditto	2 drams
Sugar of lead	20 grains.

All mixed together
And spread on leather.

Apply a piece of this plaster for 3 or 4 days. Then soak the foot; and rub the corn with a piece of pumice-stone. Again repeat the plaster; and the corn will soon disappear. N.B. The corn never to be cut."

We have only to conclude with saying, that with every new edition, Col. Hawker establishes himself more and more as the oracle of sporting.

Captain Owen's Narrative.

[Fifth Notice.]

THOUGH these volumes are so prolific of interesting matter that it would be but bare justice to them to prolong our review, yet, for the sake of variety, and the multifarious claims upon a page which aims at a general reflection of the literature, arts, and sciences, of the passing times, we shall compel ourselves to conclude

with only a few farther miscellaneous extracts in this and our next number. The following are curious anecdotes:—of lizards, near Mozambique, the author says—

"We dug seven feet for water on both these islands, but without success; and it is remarkable that the lizards suffer so much from the privation, that when our men were at dinner they actually ran over them, and endeavoured, with much perseverance, to get at the water they had brought for their own use: they absolutely drank of their grog, to the great amusement of our people, who, as they had proved themselves such convivial companions, were desirous of taking them on board for pets."

Other anecdotes connected with natural history are thus given.

"On the 30th, we crossed the equator for the second time since quitting England, in longitude 61½° E., when some birds were caught on board, particularly a kind of jay and some hawks. These must have been blown off the coast of Africa, as there was no land within two hundred and seventy leagues; it may therefore be presumed that birds are not a sure sign of its proximity. There is, however, a species of sea-fowl which we never saw more than fifty leagues from some dry spot or other; these were the frigate-birds, and the small white and dun-coloured gulls; the latter we always met within twenty or thirty leagues of coral reefs or islands."

"The bonita has the power of throwing itself out of the water to an almost incredible distance, when in pursuit of its prey, the flying-fish; and the day previous to our arrival at Mozambique, one of these fish rose close under our bow, passed over the vessel's side, and struck with such force against the poop, that had any one received the blow, in all probability it would have been fatal. Stunned by the violence of the contact, it fell motionless at the helmsman's feet; but, soon recovering, its struggles were so furious, that it became necessary to inflict repeated blows of an axe before it could be approached with safety. The greatest elevation it attained above the surface of the water was eighteen feet, and the length of the leap, had no opposition occurred, would have exceeded one hundred and eighty."

At Madagascar, "the chief sent Captain Owen a present of some fowls and milk, in return for which, he gave him a musket, some cartridges, and a piece of dungaree. The people in the neighbourhood of this bay had left their residences upon our arrival, but in a few days returned, to stare at and get what they could from us; and the chief and all the inhabitants came in state to visit the captain, bringing with them a species of guinea-fowl with a long tail, which we had never before met with. It was marked like the jungle-fowl of India, or Argus pheasant; but its downy plumage was still more beautiful, the bill and head being like the common guinea-fowl."

"Beasts of prey are unknown in Madagascar, and we never heard that the snakes were either formidable in size, or venomous in their bite; but the rivers abound with alligators, and scorpions are extremely prolific, more especially at Bembatooka, which Lieut. Boteler had an opportunity of ascertaining, by accidentally displacing a large stone on the declivity of a projecting point, a little above high-water mark. A black scorpion, five inches in length, was coiled up underneath, but in so lethargic a state, that, although when touched with a stick, it resented the attack by stinging with its tail, yet, it would not change its posi-

tion, until repeatedly irritated in the same way. He afterwards removed several other stones, most of which were found with one or more of these venomous reptiles beneath. It is not, perhaps, generally known, that the most destructive enemy to these reptiles is the common mouse. They never meet without a contest, which almost universally terminates in favour of our little domestic annoyance, who, either by force of arms, or stratagem, contrives to destroy his enemy. This he does by irritating the scorpion with his constant and agile attacks, until the reptile becomes so fatigued as to be an easy prey, or to become, as some suppose, his own executioner."

"Lieutenant Johnes and Doctor Gulan landed on the island of Rattow with their guns, and in a very short time returned with several birds of different kind, and a large serpent of the boa constrictor species, which they suddenly encountered whilst walking through the jungle. When first seen, it was scarcely five yards distant, and, either frightened or irritated at being disturbed, it assumed a most menacing attitude, its bright eyes glaring with fury, and coiling itself up, as if preparing to spring on Doctor Gulan, who happened to be in advance; but that gentleman, before the monster had time to accomplish its purpose, lodged the contents of his gun in its head: the wound was fatal, and after lashing with its tail the surrounding bushes and grass for a few minutes, the huge reptile expired. It measured twelve feet in length, and in the thickest part of its body was nine inches round. About half-way down, the stomach was distended far beyond its usual size, which appeared evidently to proceed from something that it had devoured. On examination, a young springbok, about the size of a cat, was extracted in a perfect state, with the exception of a small portion of the head, upon which the monster's digestive organs had begun to act. The last time the Doctor had visited this island, he was encountered by a crocodile, about eight feet in length; the animal was frightened, and retreated one way, while Doctor Gulan, whose gun was only charged with small shot, most readily availed himself of the other."

We do not remember so good an account of the Coko do Mar:

"The Seychelles possess many excellent harbours, which, as they are never visited by tornadoes, may at all times be considered perfectly safe. The most extraordinary and valuable production of these islands is the 'Coko do Mar,' or Maldivia nut—a tree which, from its singular character, deserves particular mention in a description of the Seychelles. The first account that we have of it in history is from the Portuguese, who, during their early voyages to the East Indies, discovered several of these nuts cast up by the sea on the coast of Malabar, and the Maldives. As they could never find any at all resembling them elsewhere, they were led to believe that they were a marine production, and accordingly termed them 'Coko do Mar,' or 'sea cocoa-nut.' The Indians hold them in high estimation, attributing to them many curious and salutary properties; and previously to the discovery of these islands in 1789, one nut was known to sell for between 300*l.* and 400*l.* It is an extraordinary fact, that the tree which bears the nut is known only at the Seychelles, and even there, is confined to only two islands, all efforts to transplant them to the other having hitherto proved fruitless, although the whole of them possess apparently the same soil and climate. Praslin and Curieuse are

the two upon which they flourish, growing in the interstices of the rocks. The tree is a species of palm, resembling the cocoa-nut tree, from sixty to eighty feet high, always perfectly straight, but very small in circumference. The leaves have a fuller appearance than those of the common cocoa-nut; immediately at their junction with the trunk of the tree hang the nuts and seed, the former about one foot long, and eight inches thick. The husk, from which rope is manufactured, resembles in colour and fibrous consistency that of the cocoa-nut. The shell is large, and divided into two compartments, containing a light-coloured jelly, which, although brought to table, is without any flavour, and as a fruit valueless. The shell forms an excellent pitcher, and when cut serves as plates and dishes for the negroes. The seed-vessel is about two feet long and three inches in diameter, studded with small yellow flowers issuing from the angular projections, which resemble those on a pine-apple. Another fact connected with this singular production is, that the smell arising from it is so offensive, that its vicinity is hardly bearable; this increases the longer it is kept. The stem of the leaves proves highly serviceable in constructing the negro huts, and the cottages of the lower order of farmers; while from the leaves themselves hats are manufactured of a superior quality, which are universally worn in the islands by all classes of the inhabitants. Besides these purposes, there are many more to which this extraordinary fruit is applied. So important is this tree to these islands, that its loss would be more severely felt than that of any other production of which they can boast, yet its cultivation appears to be totally neglected by the inhabitants."

Baron D'Haussez' Sketches.

[Fourth notice.]

THE baron expresses more than contempt for the English *canaille*; he declares that "the lower classes in England are distinguished by a grossness of manners which places them lower in the social scale than any other nation. They are at once ferocious and depraved; their instincts dispose them to a state of permanent aggression against the rest of society. When there are no more direct means of offence, the English *canaille* insult the street passengers, knock against and dispute the wall with them. Their dress is disgustingly filthy, their language vile, their gait heavy and awkward. Their domestic manners are in keeping with those they display in the streets. Among this class, the husband exercises his superiority by blows, and the wife her's in the education of her children. The conduct of both is often followed by the most disastrous results. The daily newspapers teem with details of domestic murders arising from unbridled violence, and unmitigated in their atrocity by a tardy repentance. No efforts are made, by the inculcation of the principles or the exterior practices of religion, to correct the vicious inclinations of the people. The only education which they receive is the elements of reading and writing. The effect produced by such a training is to make sharper and robbers of those who, without it, would be stupified by misery and debauch."

We are bad enough, Heaven knows; but such a sweeping commentary upon all the efforts of our useful knowledge, march of intellect, national education, benevolent, philanthropic, and religious institutions, is certainly more than we were prepared for. Why, Sodom and Go-

morrah must have been virtuous cities in comparison with London and Birmingham. Well, let such opinions teach us at least the lesson of humility.

"Taken collectively," adds the author, "the populace of England is remarkable for its cowardice. Its turbulent disposition, which it is always prompt to manifest, is easily suppressed by the staff, often by the presence, of a few policemen. The character of individuals must be studied, in order to find among them some indications of courage. The fights in which the lower classes indulge prove that they are capable of violent anger, have a strong tendency to revenge, great contempt for the consequences of the struggle in which they engage, and much generosity during the progress of the combat."

We are glad to hear that "the populace, or *canaille*, of England have made no approach to the body of people immediately placed above them. The lowest class of tradesmen is no longer amalgamated with this *canaille*. The very humblest amongst them is distinguished from this mob by marked habits of order and propriety. These qualities improve in exact proportion with the improvement in their condition: nevertheless, this progress has in no degree disturbed the various shades which distinguish ranks and conditions, and assign to each person his place in the social hierarchy."

In his second volume the worthy baron examines and condemns our hospitals, our prisons, our burial-places, our agriculture, and almost every thing that is ours—sometimes with reason, often without. With reason, we think, he censures our churchyards and vaults in the heart of our populous metropolis.

"One (he observes) of the most frequent complaints of foreigners is directed against the English custom of converting the small open space about the churches into cemeteries. In the London churchyards, the dead are heaped up without the least regard to the disproportion between the number of corpses and the small spot of earth reserved for them. Nor is this all; graves are opened long before the bodies are decomposed, for the purpose of letting down fresh coffins; and an infected *miasma* escapes from them. As though this disgusting custom were not sufficiently dangerous, the English bury their dead even within the precincts of their churches, thus converting them into charnel-houses. It does not appear that the government has given any attention to this subject; for cemeteries grow up in and around churches, which in England appear to increase in number, in a direct proportion to the religious indifference of other countries. The custom of burying the dead in the midst of a dense population, appears to arraign the judgment rather than the sensibility of the living. No one's health suffers from it; for those epidemics which in France perpetually threaten to devour the whole population, and are only averted because an enlightened police is careful to remove the germ of contagion, have no terrors for an English population: nothing indicates a painful sensibility caused by the presence of death, on the English side of the Straits; neither the funerals constantly passing through the streets, nor the melancholy activity of the churchyards, where the remains of the dead cannot find the rest necessary to decomposition, produce any permanent impression on the English mind. England is, perhaps, the only civilised country in which the tomb affords no protection to the remains of the dead. Wretches, known under the name of resurrectionists, snatch from their parent earth recently

buried bodies, and make them the object of a horrible traffic, by selling them for purposes of dissection to theatres of anatomy, which have no other means of providing themselves; the tears of a desolate family are therefore, owing to the practices of the resurrectionists, often shed over an empty coffin."

It is with great satisfaction we see a spirit stirring which will tend to remedy these evils. Already we have a cemetery at several miles distant from the town; and other similar appropriate receptacles for the dead are in the course of being formed. It is astonishing, that in a civilised country, the establishment of such places should have been so long delayed.

The Baron is rather dubious about our racing exploits—at any rate steeple-chases are no favourites with him.

"A mania of manias rules England. The English love to think of that which has never been thought of by any other people, and to do that which has never been done elsewhere. This is conceived to be originality, and, because they shall not be imitated, they therefore conclude they are inimitable. It would be a thankless office to combat such an idea. It exists; it does no evil, and produces some good. Why should people wish to modify it? If they trouble themselves about it at all, it should be to verify its existence and effects. Among the national tastes,—the taste for steeple-chases, or, to speak more properly, races towards steeples, occupies a distinguished rank. This amusement is necessarily reserved for rich people, owing to the expense which it occasions. In consequence of the absence of all accessory interest, it suits English habits. It is numbered among their favourite amusements, from the bets which it originates. It is not wonderful, therefore, that it has assumed the character of a passion, and that a steeple-chase should be an event of which people speak beforehand, of which they talk afterwards, and whose smallest details are laid hold of with avidity."

The author goes on to describe the folly with tolerable accuracy; and proceeds to our field sports, of which he says,—

"Happy the country in which the fleetness of a horse, the management of a kennel, and the death of a fox, are such important affairs, that they absorb, in a great part, the time and thoughts of men who have all possible means to make a better use of one and the other. England is that country. After horse-racing, to which considerable sums are devoted, comes coursing, the relative expense of which is not less, and which extends the mania of betting to the lower classes of society. At Newmarket, both amusements alternately engage the leisure of men of rank and fortune. Elsewhere, coursing is the favourite amusement of rich people—of country squires in easy circumstances. The following is the manner in which this latter amusement is indulged."

He details a coursing match, and adds:—

"In order to preserve the strength and speed of the greyhounds, they are almost exclusively fed with a species of mutton-broth; and as the humid, cold, and variable temperature of the climate might exercise a pernicious influence, they are wrapped up in clothing appropriate to the season. Their beds consist of woollen cushions, and they travel in carriages. Lukewarm baths await them on their return from the chase, and relieve them from its fatigues. This coursing of greyhounds is adopted less with a view to the pleasures of the chase, than to minister to the rage for betting. It is a means of risking large sums, an amusement

which, independently of the loss of bets, entails other very considerable expenses. The pay of the keepers must be added to the cost of the dogs' food. To each course or run is attached a judge, who, following the example of his colleagues of a higher order, charges a very high price for the justice he distributes; and as it would be unbecoming to separate without a dinner, the bill of the innkeeper contributes to swell out the already very large sums which this species of pleasure entails upon those who have indulged in it. The fortunate betters rejoice; they who lose dream of opportunities which may prove more favourable to them. Gamblers are the same in all countries.

"Shooting.—In all that relates to pleasure, the English do not look beyond the mere enjoyment in hand. They dine to get rid of hunger; they display luxury in order to spend money; they ride to reach a journey's end. They are regardless of all those accessory enjoyments so highly prized in other countries. Therefore it is that they shoot to destroy game, without stopping to consider the process by which they attain this end. They hardly seek in the dog which they employ that training which gives such a charm to sporting itself. The care of collecting the birds which they kill devolves on a keeper who accompanies them. As soon as the game is down, they care no more about it. In order to escape the fatigue even of a wish, they leave the management of the day's sporting under the control of the keeper, and do not think of counteracting the indications of his caprice."

We reserve a few remarks more for a concluding notice.

The Annual Historian for 1833. By Ingram Cobbin, A.M. Pp. 247. London, 1833. Westley and Davis.

A SKETCH of the principal events during the last year, executed with the usual skill with which the author writes for young persons: the praise we bestowed on the preceding volume may justly be extended to this.

Nouveau Système de Chimie Organique, fondé sur des Méthodes nouvelles d'Observation. Par F. V. Raspail. 8vo. pp. 576. Paris, 1833. Baillière. — *New System of Organic Chemistry, founded on new Methods of Observation.*

IN the present work, M. Raspail has combined into a system those discoveries in the chemistry of organic bodies which he had before given to the public in his numerous memoirs. His mode of observation, his infinitesimal dissection, aided first by the naked eye, and then continued with the help of a series of microscopes, combined with the investigation of the chemical constituents of organic substances, appears to us to leave little to be wished, and requires only to be put to the rigorous test of experience to demonstrate its value. At the same time, we must confess, that we look with a considerable degree of suspicion on the results of microscopic examinations. The sources of error are so numerous, particularly with the higher magnifying powers, that scarcely any two individuals agree in their accounts of the objects. The same individual, examining the same object at different periods, or with different glasses, scarcely ever observes it present precisely the same appearances. We would not by any means discard the use of the microscope; we would only indicate the degree of faith which is to be placed on the fidelity of its representations.

M. Raspail has produced a work of great value. From the nature of the subject, it is scarcely one from which we could present our readers with a specimen; but we can assure them, that in it will be found a mass of information, classified and arranged in the most lucid manner. No cultivator of science should be without this volume.

Useful Geometry, practically exemplified by a Series of Diagrams, with clear and concise Directions, shewing the Construction, Division, Inscribing, Circumscribing, and Proportions, of Plane Figures; calculated to assist the Young Beginner, and every one who uses the Rule, the Square, and the Compasses: with a Vocabulary, explaining, in familiar Words, the scientific Meaning of Technical Terms. By Charles Taylor. 12mo. pp. 173. London, 1833. Sherwood.

A LITTLE book with a long title, but nevertheless of great use for practical purposes. The author professes to avoid the theoretical demonstration of his problems, and gives only the mechanical part, we think judiciously; for although an operative would not strike a circle the worse for knowing its properties, yet, the time spent in learning might be to him more profitably employed.

Memoir of the Right Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D. Lord Bishop of Calcutta. By the Rev. George Bonner, LL.B. Minister of St. James's Church, Cheltenham. 12mo. pp. 156. London, 1833. Simpkin and Marshall; Cheltenham, Davies.

ALTHOUGH the memoir of this able, amiable, and lamented man, by his widow, is full of interesting matter, yet its size and price place it out of the reach of a large class of readers, to whom Mr. Bonner has done a valuable piece of service by the present more accessible publication. The principal events of the bishop's life are very perspicuously related; and the various excellent features of his character are pointed out with great feeling and discrimination.

"To know Reginald Heber," says Mr. Bonner, "was to love him; he was of such a guileless and pure nature, so affectionate, so totally devoid of selfishness, so zealous and ardent in his aspirations after all that has a tendency to purify and elevate. He was singularly fitted for the high and important station he filled in the church, by his learning, his eloquence, his zeal, and devotion of himself to the cause of Christianity; by his personal purity and virtues; and above all by the steadiness of his faith, which never wavered, either under the temptations of his intellect, or amidst the trials and seducements of the world. We little thought that we should have been called upon for this testimony to his talents and his virtues, or to have dropped this tear to his memory. His prize was won long before his earthly course seemed to be drawing to a close; and the Spirit of glory and of God now rests upon him."

Clinical Illustrations of the more important Diseases of Bengal, with the Result of an Inquiry into their Pathology and Treatment. By William Twining, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, &c. 8vo. pp. 705. 1832. Calcutta, Thacker; London, Parbury and Allen.

THIS is a valuable addition to our knowledge of Indian diseases. The author treats of dysentery, diseases of the liver, the spleen, cho-

lera, and fevers. He is a decided opponent of the doctrine of contagion in cholera, and adduces many arguments in favour of his view of the subject. His remarks on the pathology of the diseases which he discusses are of great importance, and calculated to throw considerable light on several disputed points.

The Poetical Works of John Milton, with a Biographical Sketch. By H. W. Dewhurst, Esq. Surgeon, &c. 18mo. pp. 524. London, 1833. Clark.

THIS is called a "magnet edition;" and from its portable size and low price, is certainly calculated to be very attractive. It seems to have been originally published in parts, and is now put together in a neat volume.

Capt. Skinner's Excursions in India. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Bentley.

WE have only to notice this as a second neat and cheap edition of a very entertaining work; to the merits of which our columns have already borne faithful testimony.

Valpy's Family Classics, Vol. XLIV. The Third Volume of Cicero; and Valpy's Shakespeare, Vol. X. containing Troilus and Cressida, Timon, and Titus Andronicus.

CONTINUE these publications in their usual form and style.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE TRADE BREEZE.*

THE trade winds, which blow in the Antilles almost without intermission, make these islands much cooler than places on the coast of Africa, or the peninsula of India, in the same latitude; and how oppressive the heat would be without them, is abundantly proved by the altered temperature when they cease perhaps for a day, or shift to the southward. This inestimable easterly breeze, in familiar language in Jamaica is called the Doctor, in allusion, of course, to its powers of counteracting the sun's effects, and of imparting new strength and life to the inhabitants. Naming winds from their beneficial properties is, indeed, but a revival of the practice of remote antiquity: thus we have zephyr from *Ζεφυρος, vitam ferens*, life-bringing, and *favonius* from *foveo* — attributes strikingly similar to those of this blessing of the tropics.

Blow on, gentle spirit, sweet wanderer of heaven,
Unfurl thy light wing o'er the languishing noon;
Oh! still by omnipotent bounty be given
The fainting Equator's most requisite boon!
Let Zephyr exult in the harp without number
That hymn his enchantments in northerly skies;
Do thou but dispel heat's enervating slumber,
One votary shall tune all his breast to thy sighs.
For dear art thou, whether thy breezy fan dances
At morn round the glory-crown'd sultan of day,
Or whether, to tame his meridian glances,
Thy fountains of health round his chariot play;
And dear, when you whisper, at eve, of carcases
You win from the night-lady, breathing of bliss;
But dearest, when, lifting Myrtil's loose tresses,
She's cool'd by their straying, I'm blest'd by their kiss.
Blow on, dulcet air, my Myrtil shall love thee
For all the endearments thy blandishments speak;
And thou, though the fierce sun with anger reprove thee,
Still nurse the young rose on her delicate cheek.
All nature adores thee, invisible rove;
For thee the birds, panting and musicless, pine;
Fond flowers, as you greet them, sweet tremors discover;
And Beauty's sigh ceases not heaving for thine.
Brief, in the north, is gay Zephyr's dominion,
Soon snows drown his murmurs and wither his flight;
But life ever flows from thy fetherless pinion,
Thy voice ever speaks and respires of delight.

* See L. G. of Nov. 10, No. 825.

† The east wind.

‡ *Brunfelsia americana*, called, in some islands, "the lady of the night." This charming flower only exhales its delicious fragrance in the evening.

As tropical blooms, with perennial lustre,
Their graces ubosom, you know not decay;
And when such warm beauties to welcome thee cluster,
Oh loiter not long on the sea's lonely way!

In the midst of our isle is a clear crystal fountain,*
With waters all freshness, and abours all balm,
Sequester'd by many a vine-blossom'd mountain,
Where mantle the tamarind, the cedar, and palm.

There, spirit, I'll court thee with meet adoration,
There arch thee a shrine from the pride of our clime;
Here pilgrims shall make thee the festal oblation,
Pavilioned by citron, by jasmine, and lime.

Here, fly, then, and mingle Arcadian pleasures,
While with thee young Fragrance the gaudy weaves,
Or lures thee where orange-trees lavish their treasures,
Golden fruit, homied blossoms, and emerald leaves.

ere often to sport may thy suppliant persuade thee,
When Day down the mountain-slope hurries his car;
Here count all the fresh sighs old Ocean has paid thee
For odours you brought him from spice-isles afar.

And still, o'er my temples thy life-phials shedding,
Attemper the wrath of the ravaging Line;
So may I, when Zephyr's proud halls I am treading,
Attest what delights, heavenly Eurus, are thine!

Antilles.

LAMBDA.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NEW PATENTS

Granted by his Majesty for Inventions.—Sealed, 1832.

A. Stocker and W. S. Stocker, of the Union Rolling Mills, Birmingham, for their invention of various improvements in machinery for manufacturing iron, and other metal tips, for the heels and toes of shoes, chain links, and other articles.

S. Converse, of New York, at present in London, gent., for an improvement in making or manufacturing fire-gates.

G. F. Muntz, of Birmingham, metal-roller, for his invention of an improved manufacture of metal-plates, for sheathing the bottoms of ships and other vessels.

J. Bourne, of Leicester, road-surveyor, for his invention of a machine for scraping or cleaning roads and other ways.

L. Foucaud, of George Yard, Lombard Street, merchant, for an invention communicated to him by a foreigner, residing abroad, of an improvement or improvements applicable to the priming of percussion locks of guns and pistols.

G. Oldland, of Hilleley, Gloucestershire, cloth-worker, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for preparing, dressing, and finishing of woollen cloth and other fabrics.

H. Scrivenor, of New Broad Street, London, gent., for his invention of a certain improvement or improvements in the construction of iron rail-ways.

E. Galloway, of Walworth, engineer, for his invention of improvements in steam-engines and apparatus for propelling.

W. W. Taylor, of Bow, Middlesex, felt-manufacturer, for his invention of an improved cloth for the sails of ships and other vessels.

J. Burlingham, of Old Buckenham, Norfolk, for his invention of certain improvements in mills or machinery to be operated upon by wind, and applicable to the grinding of corn and other purposes.

J. L. Heathorn, of Change Alley, London, ship-owner, for his invention of certain improvements in rigging for ships and other vessels.

T. Spinney, of Cheltenham, gas-engineer, for his invention of an improved earthenware retort for generating gas, for the purpose of illuminations.

J. V. Desgraud, of Sise Lane, London, merchant, for an invention, communicated to him by a foreigner, residing abroad, of a certain method of weaving elastic fabrics.

S. Jones, Strand, London, manufacturer, for his invention of a certain improvement or improvements in apparatus for producing instantaneous light.

Jacob Perkins, of Fleet Street, engineer, for his invention of an improvement in preserving copper in certain cases from the oxidation caused by heat.

T. Todd, of Kingston-upon-Hull, shipping-agent, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for raising water and other liquids.

G. Rudall and J. M. Rose, both of the Piazza, Covent Garden, flute-manufacturers, for their invention of certain improvements on, or in the construction of, flutes.

T. Howard, of Copthall Court, London, merchant, for his improvements on his former invention, denominated the vapour-engine, and the application of a part or parts thereof, with certain additions or improvements, to steam-engines.

R. Cattle, of Grove House, York, Esq., and W. G. North, of the suburbs of the city of York, gent., for their invention of an improvement in the construction of fire-engines.

W. Ranger, of Brighton, builder, for his invention of a cement or composition which he denominates Ranger's Artificial Stone.

* With regard to the fountain alluded to in this stanza, it is a vulgar error to suppose that any of the W. I. Islands are entirely destitute of springs. Even Antigua, one of the least favoured in this respect, boasts a delightful spot about its centre, invitingly secluded by picturesque hills, where there is a perpetual fountain of running water, surrounded by luxuriant trees.

J. F. M. Dumeste, of Lambeth, professor of chemistry, for his invention of a machine to reduce caoutchouc or Indian-rubber into elastic thread, calibred of different sizes.

J. H. Maw, of Aldermanbury, London, surgical-instrument maker, for his invention of certain improvements in the form and arrangement of parts of an apparatus for injecting emenata.

J. Hardwick, of Liverpool, gentleman, for his invention of certain improvements in paddle-wheels.

G. F. Muntz, of Birmingham, for his invention of an improved manufacture of bolts, and other the like ships' fastenings.

J. Langham, of Leicester, bobbin-net lace manufacturer, for his invention of improvements in machinery for manufacturing bobbin-net lace.

W. Crofts, of Radford, Nottinghamshire, frame-smith, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for making lace or net, commonly called bobbin-net lace.

T. Alcock, of Claines, Worcestershire, lace-manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for manufacturing bobbin-net lace.

T. Parsons, the younger, of Furnival's Inn, gent., for his invention of certain improvements on locks for doors, and other purposes.

J. Saxton, of Sussex Street, Middlesex, mechanic, for his invention in propelling carriages, and in propelling vessels for inland navigation.

R. Selby, of Burleigh Street, Strand, wine-merchant, for his invention of certain improvements in the making or constructing of bedsteads, sofas, couches, and other articles for ease or repose.

W. Gutteridge, of the Minories, civil engineer, and G. Stevens, of Norwood, Surrey, sugar-refiner, for their invention of an apparatus for the manufacture and refining of sugar and other extracts, and applicable also to other purposes.

W. Henshaw, of Worcester, lace-manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for manufacturing bobbin-net lace; and also for his invention of improvements in machinery for producing lace in narrow breadths with edges or quilling.

Newton and Berry.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Collection of Literary Portraits from Fraser's Magazine. 4to. London, 1833. Fraser.

THIRTY-FOUR of the clever caricature sketches which have made their monthly appearance in Fraser's Magazine. "A very small number of this edition is printed," says the advertisement upon the title-page, "with only twenty-four copies on India paper. The drawings were destroyed immediately after their first appearance in the above work, and not one has been suffered to get abroad detached from the Magazine." We have no doubt that this collection will be regarded hereafter as a literary curiosity; for its size (quarto) makes it admirably adapted for the purpose of autographic illustration, so much in fashion at present, and by which many interesting points in the biography and history of our times will probably be preserved.

Autographic collections will be to the succeeding age what the diaries and journals of the last two centuries are to ours. It is justly remarked, we think by the elder D'Israeli, that the idlers of yore were a distinct race from those of the present day. Formerly every one kept his diary; and contemporary notices of persons and transactions which could not be published when written, have thus come down to us. Of late years, who is there that has written a diary without the intention of offering it to Mr. Murray or Messrs. Longman and Co.? It is therefore to autographic letters, written in the feeling of the moment and in the freedom of friendship, that curious inquirers about our age will look for sincere opinions of men and matters; if, indeed, the penny-march-of-intellect children, considering themselves wiser than their fathers, will care a jot about anything we may have thought or said. What the action of this "spread of intellect," this "profusion of knowledge," may be upon the literature of the next generation, we will not anticipate; but we can assert that its action upon the authorship of the present day is unquestionably most injurious. We know not at

the present moment the publisher who would undertake the risk of bringing out an extensive original work upon any important subject whatever. It must either be trimmed down to a six or three-shilling volume, to suit what is called the taste of the times, or it must remain in manuscript. We do not speak too severely when we say, that the publishing trade is almost entirely confined to hasty compilations hurried through the press, or to works paid for at so low a price that the laborious research and the great care necessary to produce a volume of character is not fairly remunerated; and men of information, talent, and acquirements, soon find that they can turn their time to better account than in entering the ranks of literature. By this the public are the losers. Unqualified persons—mere literary hacks, whose work at any price is overpaid—are employed. One worthless volume after another issues from the press, every page of which bears the stamp of incompetency, or of dishonesty, either in carelessness or appropriation. Such, with few, a very few exceptions, is the present depressed and deplorable state of the literature of England. But the mischief does not end here. The cause of literature is identified with the cause of virtue, and the true aim of both is the same—to ennoble and exalt the human mind. Literature is only valuable as its knowledge tends to make mankind better and happier.

The rage for penny trash has created a new and injurious trade throughout the country—a trade which, unless some speedy change takes place, will demoralise and revolutionise the people. Look where we will throughout our vast metropolis, every obscure street has one, two, three, or more shops where Penny Magazines, with disgraceful caricatures of the king, and libels upon all the upper ranks in the country, are exhibited in the windows, mingled with obscene and blasphemous books. Nor is it to the metropolis alone that this abominable and unwholesome traffic is confined. It has found its way into the principal cities of England, to poison the minds of youth, degrade the name of authorship, and render the blessing of literature a curse.

We have wandered somewhat from our subject. The thirty-four contemporary Literary Portraits selected by Fraser are rather those of the past than of the present time. Two of the mighty among them are now no more, Scott and Goethe; and the fame of Campbell, Moore, Rogers, Wilson, Wordsworth, and others, belongs to former days. By whom is their energy, elegance, harmony, luxuriance, and simplicity replaced?

Some of the likenesses are happy and characteristic hits; others are but indifferent; and a few totally un-like.

My Sketch-Book, No. II. By G. Cruikshank. London, Tilt.

ANOTHER of Cruikshanks' lively and masterly productions. "Leap-frog" is most humorous; but, indeed, the cleverness, spirit, and variety of these sketches can only be appreciated by seeing them.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FAREWELL STANZAS TO MISS MILLIONS.

From an unpublished collection of "Odes on Odd Names."

LET him who trusts his golden store
To fickle Ocean's sport, deplore
His Thousands lost for ever;
My grief, though hard enough his fate,
Is just one thousand times as great,
Since I from Millions sever.

To sing thy charms, my best beloved,
When from thy presence far removed,
Would soften Fortune's rigours;
But, O, by whom may be portray'd
Thy form, thou dear Protean maid—
Thou hast so many figures?

I've scribbled all my life for fame,
And (save the mark!) have miss'd my aim—
This age is sadly blinded;
But could I Millions' praise secure,
The critic few might blame, and, sure,
By me be little minded.

And, O, if Millions bought my works,
'Twould puzzle the reviewing Turks
To rob me of my gurdien;
I'd set at naught the carping race,
My fingers snap in Blackwood's face,
Nor care a fig for Jerdan.

Let others, prompt at Fashion's call,
Deck parlour, vestibule, and hall,—
With chairs and sofas store them;
And Ottomans (I wish, in sooth,
They'd keep the other side of Pruth,
I often stumble o'er them)—

Upholsterers I'd never tax
For chiffoniers and such gimcracks,
All flimsy and unstable;
But scorn all other household gear,
If I could call thee mine, thou dear,
Sweet Numeration Table.

I'd envy not our vicar, vain
Of doctor's hood and livings twain—
Nay, he might hold a billion,
Would he but give me license o'er
Through life to "have and hold" the dear
Plurality of Million.

Forgive these hopes, nor, O, refuse
This humble offering of my Muse,
Nor, all unfeeling, mock her;
Since both of us our numbers own,—
My numbers those from Helicon,
And thine, dear maid, from Cocker.

Ere next we meet (O, blessed hour!
Would that to me were given the power
To hasten Time's postillions!)
This fervent prayer will oft be mine—
(Preferred at Love's, not Plutus', shrine)—
To be possessed of Millions.

The love of Millions! O, how rich
Would be the dear possession which
Philanthropists have died for;
And patriots, statesmen, even kings,
Above all sublimary things,
Have vainly, vainly sigh'd for!

What need I care for crown or throne,
Or any state on earth but one—
For palaces, pavilions?
Should tyrants me expatriate,
I'll fly to the united state,
And live the lord of Millions!

W. H. HARRISON.

STANZAS.

Now out upon this hollow world! despite its
pomp and show,
Time lifts the glitt'ring veil that hides its bit-
terness and woe;
And 'tis because I know full well what life
hath been to me,
That mournfully my spirit feels yon bridal
train to see.

'Tis true that she is young and fair, and he is
bold and brave—
Their course of love has smoothly run, as glides
the streamlet's wave;

But passing years will steal away the honey
from their cup,
And nought but bitterness be found long ere
they drain it up.

The roundness of that blooming cheek, it soon
will pass away,
And those rich clustering sunny locks be
changed to sober gray;
While from her deep, yet mild, blue eye the
brightness will depart,
And Time must touch and wither all—yes, all
except her heart.

Will he who now has pledged a vow of ever-
lasting truth,
Look on her then as now he looks, in all the
pride of youth;
And when her gentle spirit bends beneath
life's cares and fears,
Will he with words she loved of old seek to
beguile her tears?

I tell thee nay!—inconstant man learns to
look coldly on
The form when youth has pass'd away and
loveliness is gone;
The world, or else some fairer one, will claim
his worthless thought,
While she in loneliness may sigh, unheeded
and unsought.

O, then will rise before her view her girlhood's
happy home,
And she would be again a child in those green
fields to roam;
Her gentle mother's placid smile, her father's
fond caress,
And infant voices, long since mute, will add to
her distress.

For woman's heart, O, who shall tell how deep
a love is there!
Years alter not its power and truth, nor misery
nor care;
But, like the ivy o'er a wall all ruin'd and
decay'd,
It clingeth through each change of Time, still
green and undismay'd. E. C. H.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY. LITERARY CURIOSITIES. NO. II.

[THE following letter of Dean Swift's (now first published, agreeably to the intimation in our last No.) is copied from the original autograph in the possession of the Editor, and tends to the illustration of the most obscure portion of the life of that great man, viz. the resignation of his first preferment in the church, about which such contradictory statements have been published. The anecdotes of Swift's romantic generosity on this subject (Scott's Life, p. 39), and of his scandalous conduct (p. 40), appear to be equally at variance with the real motives which induced him to give up his living of Kilroot (in the diocese of Clogher), obtained through the recommendation of Sir William Temple to Lord Capel in 1694.

A desire to return to his early patron, Sir William Temple, was probably the cause of Swift's leaving Ireland; and Sir William seems to have promised to procure for him a living in England; "but death," writes Swift's sister, "came in between, and has left him unprovided both of friend and living."

The letter which we now submit to our readers is dated from Moor Park, three months after the death of Sir William Temple; and is addressed to the Rev. John Windar, Swift's successor in the living of Kilroot, in which he was collated on the 11th March, 1696-7.

The "certain lady" mentioned in the first paragraph is evidently Esther Johnson, who, according to Sir Walter Scott, "purchased by a life of prolonged hopes and disappointed affection a poetical immortality under the name of Stella." Swift's acquaintance with Miss Johnson commenced a year or two previous to the date of this letter.

Swift's assertion, that, though late in life as it is, he must let his fortune drive its old course, is a contradiction to the implied assertion in Scott's Life of Swift, p. 57, and the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 53, p. 29, that Swift received a considerable legacy from Sir William Temple. Sir William's legacy to Swift was only 100*l*. The Adam Swift mentioned was the sixth son of the writer's grandfather (the Rev. Thomas Swift, Vicar of Goodrich and Bridstow, in Herefordshire, who died in 1638), and resided at Green Castle, in the county of Antrim. Adam Swift's will was proved 26th May, 1704.

Jack Tisdale was probably a brother of the Rev. Dr. William Tisdal, or Tisdale, who proposed to Swift for "Stella."]

More Park, Apr. 1st, 1696.

SINCE the Resignation of my Living and the noise it made amongst You, I have had at least 3 or 4 very wise Letters, unsubscribed, from the Lord knows who, declaring much sorrow for my quitting Kilroot, blaming my Prudence for doing it before I was possess'd of something else, and censuring my Truth in relation to a certain Lady. One or two of them talks of You as one who was less my Friend than you pretended, with more of the same sort, too tedious to trouble You or my self with.

For what they say relating to my self, either as to my Prudence or Conscience, I can answer sufficiently for my own satisfaction or for that of any body else who is my Friend enough to desire it. But I have no way of convincing People in the Clouds; And for any thing of the Letters that relates to You, I need not answer the objections, because I do not believe them; For I was ever assured of your good Intentions, and Justice, and Friendship; and tho' I might suspect them, Yet I do not find any Interest You can have either to wish or to use me ill.

I am very glad You have finish'd the Affair and are settled in Possession; I think You may henceforth reckon y^e self easy, and have little to do besides serving God, y^e Friends, and y^e Self, and unless desire of Place or Title will interfere, I know nothing besides accidents can hinder You from being happy, to which, if I have contributed either by chance or good will, I shall reckon it among the lucky adventures of my Life.

For what You say of my having no reason to repent any of my endeavors to serve You, I am and have always been of the same Opinion, and herein y^e self may bear me witness, when You remember that my Promises and designs relating to y^e succeeding in the Prebend, were not of a sudden or by chance, but were the constant Tennor of what I said when we last parted, and of most of my Letters since. Neither did that inclosed Letter of the Bⁿ hasten it at all, for S^r W. T. desired to write for my further Licence, and I would not consent to it; besides, I had several Accounts from others that it was your Opinion I should not give it up so soon, and that what You supposed about a Visitation so soon was a mistake, and that You would write to me to the same Effect, which either never came to my hand, or else You justly omitted to do upon receipt of my Resolution and Resignation inclosed. This I thought fit to say to set us both right and clear in each other's thoughts.

For my own Fortune, as late in my Life as it is, I must e'en lett it drive on its old course: I think I told in my last that 10 days before my resignation my I^d Sunderland fell and I with Him; since that there have been other causes, which, if they succeed, I shall be prond to own the methods, or, if otherwise, very much ashamed.

I shall be loath any Affairs of mine should constrain You, Therefore I approve of y^e method in first adjusting my Accounts, wherein I neither suspect y^e Justice nor dislike y^e resolutions of exactness, for I am and ever was very much for that Custom of making Accounts the clearest, especially with my nearest Friends. If my uncle Adam Swift should be down in the North, and would desire to state them with you, I entreat You would comply, and take the usual Course in such Cases either for present or future Paym^t, wherein I shall not be urged, but desire You to chuse y^e own

Time, a consent.

Mr. H. Abatem^t that Cor what I ficient; would do Spott to money su to but t with His say is th deavor I that is s disposed that Dis Abatem^t it to His self if Y abated h I neve Lett' of His Lada I assu man in more up Acce, O year, wi I wou my Boo them to will not You the in y^e ha my Tru You ar and pay see abou have be name) and Far skill, an You and gett I told Y Pray le formati time the tho it h Pray mily. For th

On Sa theatre, a suppe few invi of their We do the per a more produce taken b at the from th and str scene t female man, M Miss— Mrs. a

Time, and fix upon it, and I shall readily consent.

Mr. Higginson has writt to me about that Abatem¹; and I wish You had ead me of that Concern, as You might have done from what I said: I thought the half was sufficient; I made no Promise of any at all. I would do nothing rigorous; I am not on the Spott to judge of Circumstances. I want money sufficiently; and have nothing to trust to but the little in y^r hands. I dealt easily with Him the Year before. The utmost I will say is this: I gave Him half a promise to endeavor He should be Farmer this Year, but that is now out of my Power; If You have disposed it to another, in consideration of that Disappointment lett Him take the whole Abatem¹ in Gd's name, but if You have lett it to Him this Year, e'en be kind to Him y^r self if You please, for then He shall onely be alated half; that's positive.

I never heard whether the B^p received my Lett^r of Farewell; pray know, and present His Ldship with my humble Duty and Service. I assure you (for I am an understanding man in that Affair) that the Parish of Balmor upon a fair view at eighteen pence 4^d Acre, Oats, amounts to better than 100%. A year, with Cows, Sheep, Cats, and Dogs, &c.

I would you send me a List of my Books, and desire You will not transmit them to Dublin till You gett all together. I will not pardon You the loss of any. I told You the Method of collecting any that are not in y^r hands. Jack Tisdale will do it; He has my Trunk and some Books and Papers which You are also to gett; pray use Messengers and pay them at my charge; and for Gd's seek see about paying Tayler of Laughbritland (I have been an hour thinking of the Town's name) for something about grazing a Horse and Farrier's bill, it cannot be above 4 or 5 shill. and You may know by a Letter.

You will buy a wooden box for my Books, and gett the new ones putt up in brown Paper. I told You enough of this in one of my last. Pray lett me know if You want further Information, for I had rather you would take time than not finish as You and I shall like, tho' it be but about a Trifle.

Pray give my Service to y^r Wife and Family. I am Y^r assuredly, J. SWIFT.

For the Rev. John W. Lindar
Preb[etary of Kilroe], at
Bell[ast, County] of
An[im].

DRAMA.

THEATRICALS EXTRAORDINARY.

The Victoria Theatre: Fete.

On Saturday the spirited proprietors of this theatre, after the performances were over, gave a supper upon the stage, to the company and a few invited friends, in honour of the birth-day of their royal patroness the Duchess of Kent. We do not like to enter into a critical notice of the performances, but are free to remark, that a more pleasant entertainment could hardly be produced on any stage. The chief parts were taken by Abbott at one end, and Mrs. Egerton at the other, of a table altogether different from the celebrated round one of King Arthur, and stretching longitudinally from the back scene to the very lamps. The intermediate female parts were ably sustained by Miss Jarman, Mrs. Keeley, Miss Sydney, Miss Lee, Miss—Lee, Miss Somerville, Miss P. Horton, Mrs. and Miss Garrick, Miss Goward, Mr.

Keeley (*Orange Mary*), and other ladies belonging to the corps; while the male cast derived striking importance from the individual and united exertions of Egerton, Warde, Chippendale, Hunt, Ransford, Ross, Turnour, Latham, Addison, assisted by sundry amateurs, who shewed no lack of the peculiar talent required for the occasion, and supported by Wade, Barton, and other musical geniuses, in the most efficient style.

The hint of the piece appeared to have been suggested by the farce of *No Song, no Supper*, to the plot of which it might have served as a perfect contrast; and some of the music was original, though it was obvious that a portion of it must have been composed for Kent. The opening was unusually fine. The perfect time in which the arms were raised, and the descending clash of the instruments, were the perfection of nature and art. Nothing could be more beautiful than Miss Sydney and Miss Lee at this moment: they were a study for Mr. Duppa, the excellent artist present, and we think we caught him, with that expertness so peculiar to his pencil, preparing something for a plate. Miss Jarman and Mrs. Keeley did not seem quite at home at first, but they soon got into the spirit of the scene, and then nothing could surpass the acuteness with which they seized what they had to do, and the admirable readiness with which they disposed even of the difficult passages. The *Chickini*, who had danced so well in the previous ballet of the *Innkeeper's Disaster*, though so much indisposed as to be unable to act in this finale, was so sufficiently represented by substitutes of the same name, only pronounced *Chickens* in the English language, that not a tongue was raised against them. About this period a gross anachronism occurred to us, viz. that after, and not before the disappearance of Ham, the deluge came on. But the unkindest cut of all was by a group in the character of beef-eaters, who went through their parts so coldly as to excite no small degree of astonishment. It was strange to witness any thing so dull where there was an edge-bone, and a considerable deal of sharpness both in knives and appetites all about. But some actors are too much in earnest ever to make good players. We trust that these remarks, offered in entire kindness, and for the benefit of the profession at large, will not be thought to be too cutting; if the public are expected to fork out the blunt, it is necessary that a performer, without being a swindler, should be sharper. If not, instead of sham-pain, as in this instance, he will find only real pain attend his course.

The second act might be thought by some to be rather long, yet every body stopped it out: just as if people could not move themselves at all if they stayed their stomachs. It must be added, however, that the vivacity of the Manager Abbott proved him to be an excellent stay-maker.* It gave us much pleasure to observe, that notwithstanding the obnoxious part which certain bishops are alleged to have recently taken against the interests of the drama, not only Messrs. Abbott and Egerton, but every member of the Victoria, shewed the utmost respect to the cloth. Not a stain was attempted to be thrown upon it; on the contrary it was covered with blessings, and we dare say if Dr. Blomfield had been present, he would have returned thanks, especially if his Grace of Canterbury preceded, or, as the Abbot would say, went a Prior-i. As it was, an eloquent

* It must have been one of his bills we saw lately, in these mysterious words:—"Miss W—, Dr. To repairing and boning throughout, &c. &c."

address by Mr. (not the Dr.) Wade, was forcibly delivered, and loudly applauded.

Of the music, we may mention that a duet between Warde and Miss P. Horton was almost a rarity, and not without cause. Mrs. Keeley sang delightfully a paraphrase of Wadé-mecum, and a very charming ballad. Glee by Hunt, Ransford, &c. were much admired; and two too-comic compositions by the chairman and Miss Lee gave complete satisfaction, though the latter bore away the (*Captain*) Bell. There was no other bore throughout the whole evening. Indeed, not to tire with our critique, the whole thing was in the best taste. Merry thoughts were abundant, and laughter defied the narcotic effects of night and negus, though wining was also allowed to the melancholy and serious. Dr. Millingen's performance was sensible, though the *King's Fool* brought him to the theatre; and Cooper sank elegantly through a trap-door, at an hour when a *Spare Bed* was quite unnecessary. The scene towards the conclusion increased in animation, and the optical illusions which were produced had a wonderful influence. We never saw two Jarman's spirit-rituel, two Mrs. Keeleys so "talented," two *Orange Marys* so comical, two Sydneys so pretty, nor four Lees so fascinating. In the pleasure we experienced while contemplating these fair and gifted creatures, we were sorry, and it must be considered derogatory to the house and drama,—we were sorry, we repeat, to have *Punch* introduced. Toby, or not to be, had better have been in the negative; this opera, though extensively popular, is an inferior emanation of the histrionic art, and deformed by a spice of the vulgarity which, in spite of the genius of the authors, adhered to the ancient drama. The substitution of an escape of gas, besides, though an improvement on the original sulphur smell when the Devil is knocked down, and no one is able to stand before the hero *Punch*, did not particularly strike us as agreeable. Other critics may like it on the main, though we prefer the light effect, and are inclined to vote our eyes against their nose. But we are not going to finish with fault-finding. So happily did the whole entertainment go off, that the managers were at the last amazed to find they had been unconsciously anticipating the piece announced for Monday—and the curtain dropt on

ALL IN GOOD HUMOUR.*

On Monday a comic piece, in one act, entitled *All in Good Humour*, was produced, we think we might say revived, at this theatre, of which it was not worthy. Good taste must revolt at an interlude in which indecency and *double entendres* supplied the place of wit and humour. What would possibly have pleased the galleries in the time of Farquhar and Dryden, will not be endured in the present day. We observe that it has only been performed twice, and we trust that it is withdrawn, unless the management wish to have their audiences "all in bad humour." *Rob Roy* was performed for the first time the same evening, and, on the whole, very creditably. It was announced in the bills that there would be a strict adherence to costume, and the clan Macgregor presented themselves to our wondering eyes habited in blue tunics, edged with yellow, with a plaid of the Stuart tartan. Warde, as *Rob Roy*, was

* We ought to have noticed, that the manager, after stating the gratifying fact that, since it opened, the curtain of the Victoria had only been drawn up to less than the expenses "one single evening," gave out a repetition of the extra and super-ior performances of the night, on the birth-day of the Princess Victoria, in May next, which was received with thunders of applause.

* Illegible in MS.

the only one correctly dressed. Miss P. Horton played the part of *Mattie* very well; and we would recommend the other characters to take lessons in broad Scotch from her. A Mr. Willoughby, from Norwich, made his *début* before a London audience in the character of *Captain Thornton*; and what with his enormous jack-boots, and the novelty of his situation, he appeared so much embarrassed that he was at first inaudible; towards the end, however, he rallied, and in some measure found his voice again. The audience were particularly patient with him.

ADELPHI.

DURING the week, *Nero! a Roman-tick Fiddler*, has been played here; it is the production of Mr. Haynes Bayly, and the principal sustained by John Reeve. We have not found ought to admire in it; and therefore cannot praise the unwonted generosity announced in the bills, that, "notwithstanding this extraordinary and unprecedented attraction, the prices will not be raised!"

VARIETIES.

Aristotle in a new character.—A gent. who had been drinking deep of the diffusion of knowledge, observed to a friend the other day, after digesting his pen'worth, "Well! I never knew that Aristotle wrote plays before!" "And I never heard it either," rejoined the other. "But you see it is so," said the well-informed reader; "for they call him the *stagewright* in this article!"

The *Simpsonian Fête* was held at Vauxhall Gardens on Monday, and, the weather luckily holding up, the poor fellow reaped a good benefit. Except a lamp representation of this oddity, forty-five feet high, and extremely cleverly done, the entertainments were of the poorest kind, and tiresome withal. Our contemporaries have certainly a right to puff whom they please, and no doubt benevolent motives induced them to such general exertions as were made on this occasion; and if we except ourselves from the mania of long, dull, and fatiguing attempts of the same kind, we must be excused for saying that we have done so because we have known hundreds of persons of worth and genius, whom slight notices (which they could not obtain) would have served to rescue from wretchedness; and we could not help thinking that there was an extravagance in the *Vauxhallery* of this charlatan exhibition, occupying far more space than the most important public news.

Jack's ridiculous Pun.—At a recent public dinner, during grace, one of the guests was looking devoutly at the dishes about him, when a brilliant lieutenant R.N. remarked to him,—"Sir, you seem to be taking an *as-a-mouth* observation." This was not the individual who has discovered the longitude!

The *Metropolitan Society of Florists*.—The annual show of this Society, recently formed under the patronage of the Queen for the encouragement of floriculture, took place at the Crown and Anchor Tavern on Wednesday, when many beautiful dahlias, magnolias, and other flowers, were exhibited. Of the former there were said to be nearly three hundred varieties. Medals were adjudged to the most successful cultivators of these rich ornaments to our gardens.

Dying Yarns.—We are informed that a gentleman of much experience has made great improvements in the art of dying linen and cotton

yarns; so as almost to revolutionise the system of imparting fast and permanent colours to these materials. A guide to the practical part of his subject is about to appear.

R. Lander.—The annexed letter from Bristol has been posted at Lloyd's Coffee House. "The *John Cabot* arrived here this morning (Aug. 17), left Acuib on the 2d of June. She received from H. M. S. *Favourite* the following intelligence a few days before leaving the coast:—That Lander was returned from the interior to Fernando Po, in one of the steam-boats, having purchased ten tons of ivory for a trifle. The other steam-boat was left ashore in the river Niger. Lander was very ill, and many of the white people of the Expedition had died. H. M. S. *Favourite* may be expected daily."

Bricks.—Every one who has examined our fine old brick buildings, such as the greenhouse at Kensington Palace, and compared them with modern erections of the same material, must have noticed the great inferiority of the latter, both in compactness and beauty. We are therefore glad to see it announced in the *Staffordshire Advertiser*, that a great improvement has been devised in brick-making, by a machine which tempers the clay better, and a second which presses and smooths the bricks when in a half-dried state. There is also a saving of cost.

A Hit ingeniously spoiled.—A certain first-rate actor, during a summer's tour in Ireland, treated cavalierly and angrily one of the underlings, who determined to be quits, at the risk of forfeiting his salary of some seventeen shillings a-week for insubordination. In the evening, pursuant to announcement, the great man enacted *Richard III.*; in which character, as is well known, one of the great points is the order given in the fourth act for the instant decapitation of Buckingham:—

"Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!"

The insulted subaltern contrived to be the last of those messengers who successively announce momentous intelligence; and following him whose news was,

"Buckingham's army is dispersed and taken, And he himself wandered away alone, No one knows whither."

hastily approached King Richard's dreaded person, saying,—

"My lord, the duke of Buckingham is taken;"

and then, instantly levelling his fore-finger like a pistol at the face of the astonished tyrant, added, with provokingly officious assurance,

"And we've whipt his head off!"

A Civic and Classic Pun.—Among the well-known qualities of Gibbon's style, there is a certain full-dress stateliness, not indeed averse to satiric wit, but rather unfavourable to the playful sallies of humour. Who expects to meet with a pun in the luminous pages of the historian of the Roman Empire? Yet he has committed something very like one in the second chapter of the Decline and Fall, where, speaking of the unrestricted tolerance of idolatry accorded by the mistress of nations, he observes, "Rome gradually became the common temple of her subjects, and the freedom of the city was bestowed on all the gods of mankind."

Literary Property in Germany.—The Germanic Diet has recently promulgated a very just and, as far as regards copyright in Germany, a very important resolution,—that in the application of the laws against literary piracy, the difference between the subjects of different states shall be abolished, and authors and publishers shall enjoy the same rights in all,

Newspaper Intelligence and Industry.—Every newspaper in town and country has, during the last ten days or a fortnight, communicated to the public the sad fate of Dr. Dixon, the African traveller, which was only generally known and stated above eighteen months ago!!—See *Literary Gazette* of that period.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

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LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to return our acknowledgments to the Prince of Canino for the copy of his "Réponse aux Accusations de la Tribune sur le Disait Brumaire," but as it is entirely political, we can only give it this notice in our literary Journal.

The *Literary Gazette* does not give a general Obituary, and only notices the deaths of literary persons.

We are sorry not to be able to gratify E. G., though the "poetry" is very pretty. The composition is faulty, and most of the thoughts far from original.

We have not place for the "Song of Callistratus." We thank the writer.

We have received W. Howitt's *Vindication*, &c. of his "History of Priestcraft." Our opinion of that history has been pronounced; and of its *Vindication*, all we shall say is, that, in our Quaker-spirit of literature, it is a very un-Friendly and hot-headed publication.

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